...fojee Rajah. 1827

POPULAR TALES.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJAH SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

543

BY

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561

THE CONTRAST.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE
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Occasioned by the Author's Absence from the Press.

VOL. III.

Page.	Line.	
60,	10,	*dele* all.
70	22,	*for* agonising, *read* agonised.
94,	11,	*for* Marthat, *read* Martha.
131,	9,	*for* period, *read* time.
157,	14,	*for* own authority, *read* authority.
179,	20,	*for* and thus was, *read* and of thus being.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA ... SARASVATI MAHAL
561

THE CONTRAST.

CHAPTER I.

People are not always so much in Love as they suppose.

'WHAT a blessing it is to be the father of such a family of children!' said farmer Frankland, as he looked round at the honest affectionate faces of his sons and daughters, who were dining with him on his birth-day. 'What a blessing it is to have a large family of children!'

'A blessing you may call it, if you will, neighbour,' said farmer Bettesworth; 'but, if I was to speak my mind, I should be apt to call it a curse.'

'Why, as to that, we may both be right, and both be wrong,' replied Frankland; 'for children are either a blessing

or a curse, according as they turn out; and they turn out according as they are brought up. "Bring up a child in the way it should go;" that has ever been my maxim: show me a better—show me a happier family than my own; and show me a happier father than myself,' continued the good old man, with pleasure sparkling in his eyes. Observing, however, that his neighbour, Bettesworth, looked blank and sighed deeply, he checked himself, and said, in a more humble tone, 'To be sure, it is not so mannerly for a man to be praising his own; except it just come from the heart unawares, amongst friends, who will excuse it—especially upon such a day as this. This day I am seventy years of age, and never was heartier or happier! So Fanny, love, fill neighbour Bettesworth a glass of your sister's cider. 'Tis my Patty's making, Sir; and better never was drunk. Nay, nay, sit ye still, neighbour; as you happened to call in just as we were all dining, and making merry together, why you cannot

do better than to stay and make one of us, seeing that you are heartily welcome.'

Mr. Bettesworth excused himself, by saying that he was in haste home.

No happy home had he, no affectionate children to welcome his return. Yet he had as numerous a family as Mr. Frankland's; three sons and two daughters: Idle Isaac, Wild Will, Bullying Bob, Saucy Sally, and Jilting Jesse. Such were the names by which they were called, by all who knew them, in the town of Monmouth where they lived. Alliteration had "lent its artful aid," in giving these nicknames; but they were not misapplied.

Mr. Bettesworth was an indolent man, fond of his pipe, and fonder of building castles in the air by his fire-side. Mrs. Bettesworth was a vain foolish vixen; fond of dress, and fonder of her own will. Neither of them took the least care to breed up their children well. Whilst they were young, the mother humoured them: when they grew up, she contradicted them in every thing, and then won-

dered how they could be so ungrateful as not to love her.

The father was also surprized to find that his boys and girls were not as well-mannered, nor as well-tempered, nor as clever, nor as steady, nor as dutiful and affectionate, as his neighbour Frankland's; and he said to himself, some folks have the luck of having good children. To be sure, some children are born better than others.

He should rather have said, to be sure, some children are bred better than others.

Mr. Frankland's wife was a prudent sensible woman, and had united with him in constant endeavours to educate their family. Whilst they were yet infants, prattling at their mother's knee, she taught them to love and help one another, to conquer their little froward humours, and to be obedient and tractable. This saved both them and herself a great deal of trouble afterwards; and their father often said both to the boys and girls, 'You

may thank your mother, and so may I, for the good tempers you have.'

The girls had the misfortune to lose this excellent mother, when one was about seventeen, and the other eighteen; but she was always alive in their memory. Patty, the eldest sister, was homely in her person; but she was so neat in her dress, and she had such a chearful agreeable temper, that people forgot she was not handsome: particularly as it was observed that she was very fond of her sister, Fanny, who was remarkably pretty.

Fanny was neither prudish nor censorious; neither a romp nor a flirt: she was so unaffected and unassuming that most of her neighbours loved her; and this is saying a great deal, in favour of one who had so much the power to excite envy.

Mr. Frankland's eldest son, George, was bred to be a farmer; and he understood country business uncommonly well, for a young man of his age. He constantly assisted his father, in the management of the farm; and, by this means, acquired

much experience with little waste of time, or money. His father had always treated him so much as his friend, and had talked to him so openly of his affairs, that he ever looked upon his father's business as his own; and he had no idea of having any separate interest.

James, the second son, was bred to trade. He had been taught whatever was necessary and useful, for a man in business; he had habits of punctuality, civil manners, and a thorough love of fair dealing.

Frank, the youngest son, was of a more lively disposition than his brothers; and his father used often to tell him, when he was a boy, that, if he did not take care, his hasty temper would get him into scrapes; and that the brightest parts, as they are called, will be of little use to a man, unless he has also steadiness to go through with whatever he begins. These hints, from a father whom he heartily loved, made so strong an impression upon Frank, that he took great pains to correct the re-

tural violence of his temper, and to learn patience and industry. The three brothers were attached to one another; and their friendship was a source of improvement, as well as of pleasure.

The evening of Mr. Frankland's birthday, the whole family retired to an arbour in their garden, and began to talk over their affairs with open hearts.

'Well, Frank, my boy,' said the happy father, who was the confident of his children, 'I am sure, if your heart is set upon this match with Jesse Bettesworth, I will do my best to like the girl; and her not being rich shall be no objection to me: we can make that up amongst us, some way or other. But, Frank, it is fair to tell you my opinion of the girl, plainly and fully, before-hand, as I have done. She that has jilted others, I think, would be apt to jilt you, if she met with a better offer.'

'Why then, father, I'll not be in a hurry: I'll take time to consider, before I speak to her any more; and I thank you

for being so kind, which I hope I shall not forget.'

The morning after this conversation passed, Jilting Jesse, accompanied by her sister, Saucy Sally, came to pay Patty and Fanny Frankland a visit. They were full of some piece of news, which they were eager to tell.

'Well, to be sure, I dreamed I had a diamond ring put on my finger by a great lord, not a week ago,' cried Jesse; 'and who knows but it may come true? You have not heard the news, Fanny Frankland? Hey Patty?'

'Not they: they never hear any news!' said Sally.

'Well then, I'll tell you,' cried Jesse. Rich Captain Bettesworth, our relation, who made the great *fortin* abroad, over seas, has just broken his neck out a hunting; and the *fortin* all comes to us.'

'We shall see now whether Mrs. Craddock shall push by me again, as she did yesterday in the street! We'll see whether I shan't make as good a fine lady as

herself, I warrant it, that's all. It's my turn to push by folk now.' Said saucy Sally.

Fanny and Patty Frankland, with sincere good-nature, congratulated their neighbours on this encrease of fortune; but they did not think that pushing by Mrs. Craddock could be one of the most useful or agreeable consequences of an encrease in fortune.

'Lord, Patty! how you sit, moping yourself there at your work,' continued Sally: 'but some people must work, to be sure, that can't afford to be idle. How you must envy us, Patty!'

Patty assured her she did not in the least envy those who were idle.

'Fine talking! Fine airs truly, Miss Patty! This is by way of calling me over the coals for being idle, I suppose!' said Sally; 'but I've no notion of being taken to task this way. You think you've had a fine *edication*, I suppose, and so are to set a pattern for all Monmouthshire, indeed; but you'll find some people will be

as much thought of, now, as other people; and may hold their heads as high. *Edication's* a fine thing, no doubt; but *fortin's* a better, as the world goes, I've a notion: so you may go moping on here as long as you please, being a good child all the days of your life!

> "Come when you're called;
> And do as you're bid;
> Shut the door after you;
> And you'll never be chid."

'I'm sure, I would not let my nose be kept to the grindstone, as yours is, for any one living. I've too much spirit, for my part, to be made a fool of, as some people are; and all for the sake of being called a vastly good daughter, or a vastly good sister, forsooth!'

Nothing but the absolute want of breath could have suspended the remainder of this speech; for she was so provoked, to see Patty did not envy her, that she was determined to say every thing she could invent, to try her. Patty's temper, how-

ever, was proof against the trial; and saucy Sally, despairing of success, against one sister, turned to the other.

'Miss Fanny, I presume,' said she, won't give herself such high and mighty airs as she used to do, to one of her sweethearts, who shall be nameless.'

Fanny blushed; for she knew this speech alluded to Wild Will, who was an admirer of hers, but whom she had never encouraged.

'I hope,' said she, 'I never gave myself airs to any body: but, if you mean to speak of your brother William, I assure you that my opinion of him will not be changed by his becoming richer: nor will my father's.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Frank, who had just heard, from one of the Bettesworths, of their good fortune. He was impatient to see how Jesse would behave in prosperity. 'Now,' said he to himself, 'I shall judge, whether my father's opinion of her, or mine, is right.'

Jilting Jesse had certainly given Frank reason to believe she was very fond of him: but the sudden change in her fortune quite altered her views and opinions. As soon as Frank came in, she pretended to be in great haste to be gone; and, by various petty manœuvres, avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking to her; though she plainly saw he was anxious to say something to her in private. At length, when she was looking out of the window to see whether a shower was over, he went behind her and whispered, 'Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes with us? you were not always in such a hurry to run away!'

'Lord, nonsense! Mr. Frank. Why will you always plague me with nonsense, Mr. Frank?'

She opened the lattice window as she spoke, put out her beautiful neck as far as possible, and looked up eagerly to the clouds.

'How sweet this jasmine smells!' said Frank, pulling a bit of it which hung over

the casement. 'This is the jasmine you used to like so much. See, I've nailed it up, and its finer than ever it was. Won't you have a sprig of it?' Offering to put some in her hat, as he had often done before; but she now drew back disdainfully, saying:

'Lord! Mr. Frank, it's all wet; and will spoil my new lilac ribbons. How aukward and disagreeable you are, always!'

'Always! You did not always think so; at least, you did not say so.'

'Well, I think so, and say so, now; and that's enough.'

'And too much; if you are in earnest: but that I can hardly believe.'

'That's your business, and not mine. If you don't chuse to believe what I say, how can I help it? But this you'll remember, if you please, Sir.'

'Sir!!! Oh Jesse! Is it come to this?'

'To what, Sir? For I vow and declare, I don't understand you!'

'I have never understood you till now, I am afraid.'

'Perhaps not: its well we understand one another at last. Better late than never.'

The scornful lady walked off to a looking glass, to wipe away the insult which her new lilac ribbons had received from Frank's sprig of jasmine.

'One word more, and I have done,' said Frank, hastily following her. 'Have I done any thing to displease you? Or does this change in you proceed from the change in your fortune, Jesse?'

'I'm not obliged, Sir, to account for my proceedings to any body; and don't know what right you have to question me, as if you were my lord and judge: which you are not, nor never will be, thank God.'

'Frank's passion struggled with his reason for a few instants. He stood motionless; then, in an altered voice, repeated, 'thank God!' and turned from her with proud composure. From this

time forward, he paid no more court to Jesse.

'Ah, father;' said he, 'you knew her better than I did. I am glad I did not marry her last year, when she would have accepted of me, and when she seemed to love me. I thought you were rather hard upon her then. But you were not in love with her, as I was, and now I find you were right.'

'My dear Frank,' said the good old man, 'I hope you will not think me hard another time, when I do not think just the same as you do. I would, as I told you, have done every thing in my power to settle you well in the world, if you had married this girl. I should never have been angry with you; but I should have been bitterly grieved, if you had, for the whim of the minute, made yourself unhappy for life. And was it not best to put you upon your guard? What better use can an old man make of his experience, than to give it to his children?'

Frank was touched by the kind man-

ner, in which his father spoke to him; and Fanny, who was present, immediately put a letter into her father's hand, saying, 'I have just received this from Will Bettesworth; what answer do you think I had best give him?'

Now, Fanny, though she didnot quite approve of wild Will's character, felt a little partiality for him, for he seemed to be of a generous temper, and his manners were engaging. She hoped his wildness was only the effect of good spirits, and that he would soon settle to some business. However, she had kept these hopes and this partiality a secret from all but her father, and she had never given Will Bettesworth any encouragement. Her father had not a good opinion of this young man; and she had followed his advice, in keeping him at a distance. His letter was written in so vile a hand that it was not easy to decypher the meaning:

"MY SWEET PRETTY FANNY,

"Notwithstanding your cruilty, I ham more in love with you than hever; and now I ham come

in for a share in a great fortin; and shall ask no questions from father nor mother, if you will marry me, having no reason to love or care for either.. Mother's as cross as hever, and will never, I am shure, agre to my doing any thing I like myself; which makes me more set upon having my own whay, and I ham more and more in love with you than ever, and would go through fire and water to get you.

Your true love (in haste,)
WILL BETTESWORTH."

At first reading the letter, Fanny was pleased to find that her lover did not, like Jilting Jesse, change his mind the moment that his situation was altered: but, upon looking over it again, she could not help considering that such an undutiful son was not likely to make a very good husband, and she thought even that wild Will seemed to be more and more in love with her than ever, from the spirit of opposition; for he had not been much attached to her, till his mother, as he said, set herself against the match. At the end of this letter were the words *turn over*; but they were so scrawled and blotted, that Fanny

thought they were only one of the strange flourishes which he usually made at the end of his name; and consequently she had never turned over, or read the postscript, when she put the epistle into her father's hands. He decyphered the flourish, and read the following addition:

"I know your feather does not like me; but never mind his not being agreuble. As shure as my name's Will, I'd carry you hoff, night or day; and Bob would fight your brothers along with me, if they said a word; for Bob loves fun. I will be at your windor this night, if you are agreuble, like a gurl of spirit."

Fanny was shocked so much that she turned quite pale, and would have sunk to the ground, if she had not been supported by her father. As soon as she recovered herself sufficiently to be able to think, she declared that all the liking she had ever felt for William Bettesworth was completely conquered; and she thanked her father for having early warned her of his character. 'Ah! father,' said she,

'what a happiness it has been to me that you never made me afraid of you! Else, I never should have dared to tell you my mind; and in what a sad snare might I have been at this instant! If it had not been for you I should perhaps have encouraged this man: I might not then may be have been able to draw back; and what would have become of me!'

It is scarcely necessary to say that Fanny wrote a decided refusal to Wild Will. All connexion between the Bettesworths and Franklands was now broken off. Will was enraged at being rejected by Fanny: and Jesse was equally incensed at finding she was no longer admired by Frank. They however affected to despise the Franklands, and to treat them as people beneath their notice. The fortune, left by Captain Bettesworth to his relations, was said to be about twenty thousand pounds: with this sum they thought, to use their own expression, they were entitled to live in as great style, and cut as grand a dash, as any of the first families in Monmouth-

shire. For the present, we shall leave them to the enjoyment of their new grandeur, and continue the humble history of farmer Frankland and his family.

CHAPTER II.

Ignorance of Things, into which it is a Duty to enquire, is the Cause of many odious Vices.

BY many years of persevering industry, Mr. Frankland had so improved the farm upon which he lived that he was now affluent, for a man in his station of life. His house, garden, farm-yard, every thing about him, were so neat and comfortable that travellers, as they passed by, never failed to ask, "Who lives there?" Travellers, however, only saw the outside; and that was not, in this instance, the best part. They would have seen happiness, if they had looked within these farm-house walls: happiness which may be enjoyed as well in the cottage as in the

palace; that which arises from family union.

Mr. Frankland was now anxious to settle his sons in the world. George had business enough at home, in taking care of the farm, and James proposed to set up a haberdasher's shop in Monmouth: accordingly, the goods were ordered, and the shop was taken.

There was a part in the roof of the house which let in the wet, and James would not go into it till this was completely repaired; so his packages of goods were sent from London to his father's house, which was only a mile distant from Monmouth. His sisters unpacked them by his desire, to set shop-marks upon each article. Late at night, after all the rest of the family were asleep, Patty was sitting up to finish setting the marks on a box full of ribbons; the only things that remained to be done. Her candle was just burnt out; and, as she was going for another, she went by a passage window that faced the farm-yard, and sud-

denly saw a great light without. She looked out, and beheld the large hay-rick all in flames. She ran immediately to waken her brothers and her father. They used every possible exertion to extinguish the fire, and to prevent it from communicating to the dwelling-house; but the wind was high; it blew directly towards the house. George poured buckets of water over the thatch, to prevent its catching fire; but all was in vain: thick flakes of fire fell upon it faster than they could be extinguished, and in an hour's time the dwelling-house was in a blaze.

The first care of the sons had been to get their father and sisters out of danger; then, with great presence of mind, they collected every thing that was most valuable, and portable, and laboured hard to save poor James's stock of haberdashery. They were all night hard at work: towards three o'clock the fire was got under, and darkness and silence succeeded. There was one roof of the house saved, under which the whole fa-

mily rested for a few hours, till the return of day-light renewed the melancholy spectacle of their ruin. Hay, oats, straw, corn-ricks, barn, every thing that the farm-yard contained, was utterly consumed: the walls, and some half-burnt beams remained of the dwelling-house, but it was no longer habitable. It was calculated that six hundred pounds would not repair the loss occasioned by this unfortunate accident. How the hay-rick had caught fire nobody knew.

George, who had made up the haystack, was most inclined to think that the hay had not been sufficiently dried; and that the rick had heated from this cause. He blamed himself extremely, but his father declared he had seen, felt, and smelt the hay, when the rick was making; and that it was as well saved hay as ever was brought into a farm-yard. This, in some measure, quieted poor George's conscience; and he was yet more comforted by Patty's good-nature, who showed him a bucket of ashes which had been left

very near the spot where the hay-rick stood. The servant girl, who, though careless, was honest, confessed she recollected having accidentally left this bucket in that dangerous place the preceding evening; that she was going with it across the yard to the ash-hole, but she heard her lover whistle to her from the lane, and she set down the bucket in a hurry, ran to meet him, and forgot the ashes. All she could say in her own defence was that she did not think there was any fire in the bucket.

Her good master forgave her carelessness: he said he was sure she reproached herself enough for it, as indeed she did; and the more so when her master spoke to her so kindly: she cried as if her heart would break; and all that could be done, to comfort her, was to set her to work as hard as possible for the family.

They did not, any of them, spend their time in vain lamentations: ready money was wanting to rebuild the house and barns, and James sold to a haberdasher in

Monmouth, all of his stock which had been saved out of the fire, and brought the money to his father.

'Father,' said he, 'you gave this to me when you were able to afford it; you want it now, and I can do very well without it. I will go and be shopman in some good shop in Monmouth; and by degrees I shall get on, and do very well in the world. It would be strange if I did not, after the education you have given me.'

The father took the money from his son with tears of pleasure. 'It is odd enough,' said he, 'that I should feel pleasure at such a time! But this is the blessing of having good children. As long as we all are ready to help one another in this manner, we can never be very miserable, happen what may. 'Now let us think of rebuilding our house,' continued the active old man. 'Frank, reach me down my hat. I've a twinge of the rheumatism in this arm: I caught a little cold the night of the fire, I believe; but

stirring about will do me good, and I must not be lazy; I should be ashamed to be lazy amongst so many active young men.'

The father and sons were very busy at work, when an ill-looking man rode up to them; and, after asking if their name was Frankland, put a paper into each of their hands. These papers were copies of a notice to quit their farm, before the ensuing first of September, under pain of paying double rent for the same.

'This is some mistake, Sir,' said old Frankland, mildly.

'No mistake, Sir,' replied the stranger. 'You will find the notice is a good notice, and duly served. Your lease I have seen myself, within these few days: it expired last May, and you have held over, contrary to law and justice, eleven months, this being April.'

'My father never did any thing contrary to law and justice in his whole life,' interrupted Frank; whose eyes flashed with indignation.'

'Softly, Frank,' said the father, putting his hand on his son's shoulder: 'Softly, my dear boy: let this gentleman and I come to an understanding quietly. Here is some mistake, Sir. It is very true that my lease expired last May; but I had a promise of a renewal from my good landlord.'

'I don't know, Sir, any thing of that,' replied the stranger, as he looked over a memorandum-book. 'I do not know whom you denominate your *good landlord*; that being no way of describing a man in the eye of the law: but, if you refer to the original grantor, or lessor, Francis Folingsby, of Folingsby-place, Monmouthshire, Esq. I am to inform you that he died at Bath the 17th instant.'

'Died! My poor landlord dead! I am very sorry for it.'

'And his nephew, Philip Folingsby, Esq. came into possession as heir at law,' continued the stranger, in an unvaried tone; 'and under his orders I act, having a power of attorney for that purpose.'

'But, Sir, I am sure Mr. Philip Fo-

lingsby cannot know of the promise of renewal, which I had from his uncle.'

'Verbal promises, you know, are nothing, Sir; mere air, without witnesses: and, if gratuitous on the part of the deceased, are no ways binding, either in common law or equity, on the survivor or heir. In case the promise had been in writing, and on a proper stamp, it would have been something.'

'It was not in writing to be sure, Sir,' said Frankland; 'but I thought my good landlord's word was as good as his bond, and I said so.'

'Yes,' cried Frank; 'and I remember when you said so to him, I was by; and he answered, "You shall have my promise in writing. Such things are of little use, between honest men: but who knows what may happen, and who may come after me? Every thing about business should be put in writing. I would never let a tenant of mine be at an uncertainty. You have improved your farm, and deserve to enjoy the fruits of your own industry,

Mr. Frankland." Just then, company came in, and our landlord put off writing the promise. He next day left the country in a hurry; and I am sure thought, afterwards, he had given us the promise in writing.'

'Very clear evidence no doubt, Sir; but not at all to the point at present,' said the stranger. 'As an agent, I am to know nothing but what is my employer's intent. When we see the writing and stamp, I shall be a better judge,' added he with a sneer. 'In the mean time, gentlemen, I wish you a good morning: and you will please to observe that you have been duly served with notice to quit, or pay double rent.

'There can be no doubt, however,' said Frank, 'that Mr. Folingsby will believe you, father. He is a gentleman, I suppose, and not like this new agent, who talks like an attorney. I hate all attorneys.'

'All dishonest attorneys, I suppose you mean, Frank,' said the benevolent old

man; who, even when his temper was most tried, never spoke, or even felt, with acrimony.'

The new landlord came to the country; and, a few days after his arrival, old Frankland went to wait upon him. There was little hope of seeing young Mr. Folingsby; he was a man whose head was at this time entirely full of gigs, and tandems, and unicorns: business was his aversion; pleasure was his business. Money he considered only as the means of pleasure; and tenants only as machines, who make money. He was neither avaricious nor cruel: but thoughtless and extravagant.

Whilst he appeared merely in the character of a young man of fashion, these faults were no offence to his equals, to whom they did no injury: but, when he came into possession of a large estate, and when numbers were dependant upon him, they were severely felt by his inferiors.

Mr. Folingsby had just gathered up the reins in hand, and was seated in his

unicorn, when farmer Frankland, who had been waiting some hours to see him, came to the side of the carriage. As he took off his hat, the wind blew his grey hair over his face.

'Put on your hat, pray, my good friend; and don't come near these horses, for I can't answer for them. Have you any commands with me?'

'I have been waiting some hours to speak to you, Sir: but, if you are not at leisure, I will come again to-morrow morning,' said old Frankland.

'Aye, do so: call to-morrow morning; for now I have not one moment to spare,' said young Folingsby, as he whipped his horses and drove off, as if the safety of the nation had depended upon twelve miles an hour.

The next day, and the next, and the next, the old tenant called upon his young landlord; but without obtaining an audience: still he was desired to call to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. He wrote several letters to him, but received

no answer: at last, after giving half a guinea to his landlord's gentleman, he gained admittance. Mr. Folingsby was drawing on his boots, and his horses were coming to the door. Frankland saw it was necessary to be concise in his story: he slightly touched on the principal circumstances, the length of time he had occupied his farm, the improvements he had made upon the land, and the misfortune which had lately befallen him. The boots were on by the time that he got to the promise of renewal, and the notice to quit.

'Promise of a renewal? I know of no such thing. Notice to quit: that's my agent's business; speak to him, he'll do you justice. I really am sorry for you, Mr. Frankland; very sorry; extremely sorry. Damn the rascal who made these boots!—but you see how I'm circumstanced; haven't a moment to myself; only came to the country for a few days; set out for Ascot races to-morrow; really have not a moment to think of any thing. But speak to Mr. Deal, my agent. He'll do

you justice I'm sure. I leave all these things to him. Jack, that bay horse is coming on—'

'I have spoken to your agent, Sir,' said the old tenant, following his thoughtless young landlord; but he said that verbal promises, without a witness present, were nothing but air; and I have nothing to rely on but your justice. I assure you, Sir, I have not been an idle tenant: my land will shew that I have not.'

'Tell Mr. Deal so; make him understand it in this light. I leave every thing of this sort to Mr. Deal. I really have not time for business, but I'm sure Mr. Deal will do you justice.'

This was all that could be obtained from the young landlord. His confidence in his agent's sense of justice was somewhat misplaced. Mr. Deal had received a proposal from another tenant, for Frankland's farm; and with this proposal a bank note was sent, which spoke more forcibly than all that poor Frankland could urge. The agent took the farm from him; and de-

clared he could not, in justice to his employer, do otherwise; because the new tenant had promised to build upon the land a lodge fit for any gentleman to inhabit, instead of a farm-house.

The transaction was concluded without Mr. Folingsby's knowing any thing more of the matter, except signing the leases; which he did without reading them; and receiving half a year's rent in hand, as a fine; which he did with great satisfaction. He was often distressed for ready money, though he had a large estate: and his agent well knew how to humour him, in his hatred of business. No interest could have persuaded Mr. Folingsby deliberately to commit so base an action, as that of cheating a deserving old tenant out of a promised renewal; but, in fact, long before the leases were sent to him, he had totally forgotten every syllable that poor Frankland had said to him on the subject.

CHAPTER III.

Fidelity, where Trust is reposed, ensures Respect; and seldom fails to meet Reward.

THE day on which they left their farm was a melancholy day, to this unfortunate family. Mr. Frankland's father and grandfather had been tenants, and excellent tenants, to the Folingsby family: all of whom had occupied, and not only occupied but highly improved, this farm. All the neighbours were struck with compassion, and cried shame upon Mr. Folingsby! But Mr. Folingsby was at Ascot, and did not hear them. He was on the race ground, betting hundreds upon a favorite horse; whilst this old man and his family were slowly passing, in their covered cart, down the lane which led from their farm; taking a last farewell of the fields they had cultivated, and the harvest they had sown, but which they were never to reap.

Hannah, the servant girl, who had re-

proached herself so bitterly for leaving the bucket of ashes near the hayrick, was extremely active in assisting her poor master. Upon this occasion, she seemed to be endowed with double strength; and a degree of cleverness and presence of mind, of which she had never shewn any symptoms in her former life: but gratitude wakened all her faculties.

Before she came to this family, she had lived some years with a farmer who, as she now recollected, had a small farm, with a snug cottage upon it, which was to be this very year out of lease. Without saying a word of her intentions, she got up early one morning, walked fifteen miles to her old master's, and offered to pay out of her wages, which she had laid by for six or seven years, the year's rent of this farm before-hand, if the farmer would let it to Mr. Frankland. The farmer would not take the girl's money, for he said he wanted no security from Mr. Frankland, or his son George: they bore the best of characters, he observed, and

no people in Monmouthshire could understand the management of land better. He willingly agreed to let him the farm; but it contained only a few acres, and the house was so small that it could scarcely lodge above three people.

Here old Frankland and his eldest son, George, settled. James went to Monmouth, where he became shopman to Mr. Cleghorn, a haberdasher, who took him in preference to three other young men, who applied on the same day. 'Shall I tell you the reason why I fixed upon you, James?' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'It was not whim; I had my reasons.'

'I suppose,' said James, 'you thought I had been honestly and well brought up; as I believe in former times, Sir, you knew something of my mother.'

'Yes, Sir; and in former times I knew something of yourself. You may forget, but I do not, that, when you were a child, not more than nine years old *, you came to this shop to pay a bill of your mother's:

* This circumstance is a fact.

the bill was cast up a pound too little; you found out the mistake, and paid me the money. I dare say you are as good an accountant, and as honest a fellow, still. I have just been terribly tricked, by a lad to whom I trusted foolishly; but this will not make me suspicious towards you, because I know how you have been brought up; and that is the best security a man can have.'

'Thus, even in childhood, the foundation of a good character may be laid; and thus children inherit the good name of their parents. A rich inheritance! of which they cannot be deprived, by the utmost malice of fortune.

The good characters of Fanny and Patty Frankland were well known, in the neighbourhood; and, when they could no longer afford to live at home, they found no difficulty in getting places. On the contrary, several of the best families in Monmouth were anxious to engage them. Fanny went to live with Mrs. Hungerford; a lady of an ancient family, who was proud,

but not insolent, and generous, but not what is commonly called affable. She had several children, and she hired Fanny Frankland for the particular purpose of attending them.

'Pray let me see that you exactly obey my orders, young woman, with respect to my children,' said Mrs. Hungerford, 'and you shall have no reason to complain of the manner in which you are treated, in this house. It is my wish to make every body happy in it, from the highest to the lowest. You have, I understand, received an education above your present station in life; and I hope and trust that you will deserve the high opinion I am, from that circumstance, inclined to form of you.'

Fanny was rather intimidated by the haughtiness of Mrs. Hungerford's manner; yet she felt a steady though modest confidence in herself, which was not displeasing to her mistress.

About this time Patty, also, went into service. Her mistress was a Mrs. Crumpe, a very old rich lady, who was often sick

and peevish, and who confessed that she required an uncommonly good-humoured person to wait upon her. She lived a few miles from Monmouth, where she had many relations; but, on account of her great age and infirmities, she led an extremely retired life.

Frank was now the only person in the family, who was not settled in the world. He determined to apply to a Mr. Barlow, an attorney of an excellent character. He had been much pleased with the candour and generosity Frank shewed, in a quarrel with the Bettesworths; and he had promised to befriend him, if ever it should be in his power. It happened that, at this time, Mr. Barlow was in want of a clerk; and, as he knew Frank's abilities, and had reason to feel confidence in his integrity, he determined to employ him in his office. Frank had once a prejudice against attorneys; he thought that they could not be honest men: but he was convinced of his mistake, when he became acquainted with Mr. Barlow. This gentleman never

practised any mean pettyfogging arts; on the contrary, he always dissuaded those who consulted him from commencing vexatious suits. Instead of fomenting quarrels, it was his pleasure and pride to bring about reconciliations. It was said of Mr. Barlow that he had lost more suits out of the courts, and fewer in them, than any attorney of his standing in England. His reputation was now so great that he was consulted more as a lawyer than as an attorney. With such a master, Frank had a prospect of being extremely happy; and he determined that nothing should be wanting, on his part, to ensure Mr. Barlow's esteem and regard.

James Frankland, in the mean time, went on happily with Mr. Cleghorn, the haberdasher; whose customers all agreed that his shop had never been so well attended as since this young man had been his foreman. His accounts were kept in the most exact manner; and his bills were made out with unrivalled neatness and expedition. His attendance on the shop

was so constant that his master began to fear it might hurt his health; especially as he had never, till of late, been used to so confined a life.

'You should go abroad, James, these fine evenings,' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'Take a walk in the country now and then, in the fresh air. Don't think I want to nail you always to the counter. Come, this is as fine an evening as you can wish: take your hat and away; I'll mind the shop myself, till you come back. He must be a hard master, indeed, that does not know when he's well served; and that never will be my case, I hope. Good servants make good masters, and good masters good servants. Not that I mean to call you, Mr. James, a servant: that was only a slip of the tongue; and no matter for the tongue, where the heart means well, as mine does towards you.'

Towards all the world Mr. Cleghorn was not disposed to be indulgent: he was not a selfish man; but he had a high idea of subordination in life. Having risen

himself by slow degrees, he thought that every man in trade should have what he called "the rough, as well as the smooth." He saw that his new foreman bore the rough well; and therefore he was now inclined to give him some of the smooth.

James, who was extremely fond of his brother Frank, called upon him and took him to Mrs. Hungerford's, to ask Fanny to accompany them in this walk. They had seldom seen her, since they had quitted their father's house and lived in Monmouth; and they were disappointed when they were told, by Mrs. Hungerford's footman, that Fanny was not at home; she was gone out to walk with the children. The man did not know which road they went, so they had no hopes of meeting her; and they took their way through one of the shady lanes near Monmouth. The sun had set some time, before they thought of returning; for, after several weeks confinement in close houses, the fresh air, green fields, and sweet smelling wild flowers in the hedges, were de-

lightful novelties. 'Those who see these things every day,' said James, 'scarcely notice them: I remember I did not, when I lived at our farm. So things, as my father used to say, are made equal to people in this world. We, who are hard at work in a close room all day long, have more relish for an evening walk, a hundred to one, than those who saunter about from morning till night.'

The philosophic reflections of James were interrupted by the merry voices of a troop of children, who were getting over a stile into the lane, where he and Frank were walking. The children had huge nosegays of honey-suckles, dog roses, and blue-bells in their little hands; and they gave their flowers to a young woman, who attended them, begging she would hold them whilst they got over the stile. James and Frank went to offer their services to help the children; and then they saw that the young woman, who held the flowers, was their sister Fanny.

'Our own Fanny!' said Frank. 'How

lucky this is! It seems almost a year since I saw you. We have been all the way to Mrs. Hungerford's, to look for you; and have been forced to take half our walk without you; but the other half will make amends. I've a hundred things to say to you: which is your way home? Take the longest way, I entreat you. Here is my arm. What a delightful fine evening it is! But what's the matter?'

'It is a very fine evening,' said Fanny, hesitating a little; 'and I hope to-morrow will be as fine. I'll ask my mistress to let me walk out with you to-morrow; but this evening I cannot stay with you, because I have the children under my care; and I have promised her that I will never walk with any one, when they are with me.'

'But your own brother,' said Frank, a little angry at this refusal.

'I promised I would not walk with any one; and surely you are somebody: so good night; good bye,' replied Fanny, endeavouring to turn off his displeasure with a laugh.

'But what harm, I say, can I do the children, by walking with you,' cried Frank, catching hold of her gown.

'I don't know; but I know what the orders of my mistress are; and you know, dear Frank, that, whilst I live with her, I am bound to obey them.'

'Oh, Frank, she must obey them,' said James.

Frank loosed his hold of Fanny's gown immediately. 'You are right, dear Fanny,' said he, 'you are right, and I was wrong, so good night; good bye. Only remember to ask leave to walk with us to-morrow evening; for I have had a letter from father and brother George, and I want to show it you. Wait five minutes and I can read it to you now, Fanny.'

Fanny, though she was anxious to hear her father's letter, would not wait, but hurried away with the children that were under her care; saying she must keep her promise to her mistress exactly. Frank followed her, and put the letter into her hands. 'You are a dear good girl, and deserve all the fine things father says of

you in this letter. Take it, child: your mistress does not forbid you receiving a letter from your father, I suppose. I shall wish her hanged if she does not let you walk with us to-morrow,' whispered he.

The children frequently interrupted Fanny, as she was reading her father's letter. 'Pray pull that high dog-rose for me, Fanny,' said one. 'Pray hold me up to that large honey-suckle,' said another. 'And do, Fanny,' said the youngest boy, 'let us go home by the common, that I may see the glow-worms. Mama, said I might; and, whilst we are looking for the glow-worms, you can set on a stone, or a bank, and read your letter in peace.'

Fanny who was always very ready to indulge the children in any thing which her mistress had not forbidden, agreed to this proposal; and when they came to the common, little Gustavus, for that was the name of the youngest boy, found a charming seat for her; and she sat down to read her letter, whilst the children ran to hunt for glow-worms.

Fanny read her father's letter over three times; and yet few people, except those who have the happiness to love a father as well, and to have a father as deserving to be loved, would think it at all worth reading even once.

"My dear boys and girls,

"It is a strange thing to me to be without you; but, with me or from me, I am sure you are doing well; and that is a great comfort; aye, the best a father can have, especially at my age. I am heartily glad to hear that my Frank has, by his own deserts, got so good a place with that excellent man, Mr. Barlow. He does not hate attorneys now, I am sure. Indeed, it is my belief, he could not hate any body for half an hour together, if he was to do his worst. Thank God, none of my children have been brought up to be revengeful or envious; and they are not fighting with one another, as I hear the poor Bettesworths now all are, for the fortune. "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith." I need not have troubled myself to write this text, to any of you; but old men will be talkative. My rheumatism, however, prevents me from being as talkative as I could wish. It has been rather severe or so, owing to the great cold I caught, the day that I was obliged to wait so long at Squire Foolingsby's, in my wet clothes. But I hope soon to be stirring again, and to be able to

take share of the work, about our little farm, with your dear brother George. Poor fellow; he has so much to do, and does so much, that I fear he will over-work himself. He is at this present time out in the little field, opposite my window, digging up the docks, which are very hard to conquer; he has made a brave large heap of them, but I wish to my heart he would not toil so desperately.

"I desire, my dear James and Frank, you will not confine yourselves too much, in your shop and at your desk: this is all I have to dread for either of you. Give my love and blessing to my sweet girls. If Fanny was not as prudent as she is pretty, I should be in fear for her; hearing, as I do, that Mrs. Hungerford keeps so much fine company. A waiting maid in such a house is in a dangerous place: but my Fanny, I am sure, will ever keep in mind her mother's precepts and example. I am told that Mrs. Crumpe, Patty's mistress, is (owing, I suppose, to her great age and infirmities), difficult in her humour; but my Patty has so even and pleasant a temper that I defy any one living, that knows her, not to love her. My hand is now quite tired of writing; this being penned with my left, as my right arm is not yet free from rheumatism: I have not James with me to write. God bless and preserve you all, my dear children. With such comforts, I can have nothing to complain of in this world. This I know, I would not exchange any one of you for all my neighbour Bettesworth's fine fortune. Write soon to

"Your affectionate father, B. FRANKLAND."

'Look! look at the glow-worms!' cried the children, gathering round Fanny, just as she had finished reading her letter. There were prodigious numbers of them, on this common; and they shone over the whole ground, in clusters or singly, like little stars.

Whilst the children were looking with admiration and delight at this spectacle, their attention was suddenly diverted from the glow-worms, by the sound of a French horn. They looked 'round, and perceived that it came from the balcony of a house, which was but a few yards distance from the spot where they were standing.

'Oh! let us go nearer to the balcony!' said the children, 'that we may hear the music better.' A violin, and a clarinet, at this moment, began to play.

'Oh, let us go nearer,' repeated the children, drawing Fanny with all their little force towards the balcony.

'My dears, it is growing late,' said she, 'and we must make haste home. There is a crowd of company, you see, at the door and at the windows of that house;

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and, if we go near to it, some of them will certainly speak to you, and that you know your mama would not like.'

The children paused, and looked at one another, as if inclined to submit; but, at this moment, a kettle drum was heard, and little Gustavus, the youngest of the boys, could not resist his curiosity to hear and see more of this instrument: he broke loose from Fanny's hands, and escaped to the house, exclaiming, 'I must and will hear it, and see it too!'

Fanny was obliged to pursue him into the midst of the crowd: he made his way up to a young gentleman in regimentals, who took him up in his arms, saying, 'By Jove, a fine little fellow! A soldier, every inch of him! By G— he shall see the drum, and beat it too; let us see who dares say to the contrary.'

As the gallant ensign spoke, he carried Gustavus up a flight of stairs that led to the balcony. Fanny, in great anxiety, called after him to beg that he would no detain the child, who was trusted to he

care: her mistress, she said, would be extremely displeased with her, if she disobeyed her orders.

She was here interrupted, in her remonstrance, by the shrill voice of a female, who stood on the same stair with the ensign, and whom, notwithstanding the great alteration in her dress, Fanny recognized to be Sally Bettesworth. Jilting Jesse stood beside her.

'Fanny Frankland, I purtest! what a pother she keeps about nothing,' cried Saucy Sally. 'Know your betters, and keep your distance, young woman. Who cares whether your mistress is displeased or not? She can't turn us away: Can she, pray! She can't call Ensign Bloomington to account: Can she, hey?'

An insolent laugh closed this speech: a laugh in which several of the crowd joined: but some gentlemen were interested by Fanny's beautiful and modest countenance, as she looked up to the balcony, and, with tears in her eyes, entreated tobe heard. 'Oh, for shame, Blooming-

ton! Give her back the boy. It is not fair that she should lose her place,' cried they.

Bloomington would have yielded; but Saucy Sally stood before him, crying, in a threatening tone, 'I'll never speak to you again, I promise you, Bloomington, if you give up. A fine thing, indeed, for a man and a soldier to give up to a woman and a servant girl! and an impertinent servant girl! Who cares for her or her place either?'

'I do! I do!' exclaimed little Gustavus, springing from the ensign's arms. 'I care for her. She is not an impertinent girl; and I'll give up seeing the kettle-drum, and go home with her directly, with all my heart.'

In vain Sally attempted to withhold him; the boy ran down the stairs to Fanny, and marched off with her in all the conscious pride of a hero, whose generosity has fairly vanquished his passions. Little Gustavus was indeed a truly generous child: the first thing he did, when he

got home, was to tell his mother all that had passed this evening. Mrs. Hungerford was delighted with her son, and said to him, 'I cannot, I am sure, reward you better, my dear, than by rewarding this good young woman. The fidelity with which she has fulfilled my orders, in all that regards my children, places her, in my opinion, above the rank in which she was born. Henceforward she shall hold in my house a station to which her habits of truth, gentleness, and good sense, entitle her.'

From this time forward, Fanny, by Mrs. Hungerford's desire, was always present when the children took their lessons from their several masters. Mrs. Hungerford advised her to apply herself to learn all those things which were necessary for a governess to young ladies. 'When you speak, your language in general is good, and correct; and no pains shall be wanting, on my part,' said this haughty but benevolent lady, 'to form your manners, and to develop your talents. This I

partly owe you, for your care of my children; and I am happy to reward my son, Gustavus, in a manner which I am certain will be most agreeable to him.'

'And, mama,' said the little boy, 'may she walk out sometimes with her brothers? for I do believe she loves them as well as I love my sisters.'

CHAPTER IV.

Patience, Gentleness, and Sweetness of Temper, are angelic Virtues.

MRS. HUNGERFORD permitted Fanny to walk out for an hour, every morning, during the time that her children were with their dancing-master; and at this hour sometimes her brother James, and sometimes her brother Frank, could be spared; and they had many pleasant walks together. What a happiness it was to them to have been thus bred up, from their earliest years, in friendship with one another. This friendship was now the sweetest pleasure of their lives.

Poor Patty! She regretted that she could not join in these pleasant meetings: but, alas! she was so useful, so agreeable, and so necessary to her infirm mistress, that she could never be spared from home. 'Where's Patty? why does not Patty do this?' were Mrs. Crumpe's constant questions, whenever she was absent. Patty had all the business of the house upon her hands, because nobody could do any thing so well as Patty. Mrs. Crumpe found that no one could dress her, but Patty; nobody could make her bed, so that she could sleep on it, but Patty; no one could make jelly, or broth, or whey that she could taste, but Patty; no one could roast, or boil, or bake, but Patty. Of course, all these things must be done by nobody else. The ironing of Mrs. Crumpe's caps, which had exquisitely nice plaited borders, at last fell to Patty's share; because once, when the laundry-maid was sick, she plaited one so charmingly that her lady would never afterwards wear any but of her plaiting. Now Mrs. Crumpe

changed her cap, or rather had her cap changed, three times a day; and never wore the same cap twice.

The labours of washing, ironing, plaiting, roasting, boiling, baking, making jelly, broth, and whey, were not sufficient: Mrs. Crumpe took it into her head that she could eat no butter, but of Patty's churning. But, what was worse than all, not a night passed without Patty's being called up to see 'What could be the matter with the dog, that was barking, or the cat, that was mewing?' And, when she was just sinking to sleep again, at daybreak, her lady, in whose room she slept, would call out, 'Patty! Patty! There's a dreadful noise in the chicken-yard.'

'Oh, Ma'am, it is only the cock's crowing.'

'Well, do step out, and hinder them from crowing at this terrible rate.'

'But, Ma'am, I cannot hinder them, indeed.'

*'Oh yes, you could, if you were up.

* Taken from Life.

Get up and whip 'em, child. Whip 'em all 'round, or I shall not sleep a wink more this night.'

How little poor Patty slept her lady never considered: not that she was in reality an ill-natured woman, but sickness inclined her to be peevish; and she had so long been used to be humoured, and waited upon, by relations and servants, who expected she would leave them rich legacies, that she considered herself as a sort of golden idol, to whom all that approached should and would bow as low as she pleased. Perceiving that almost all around her were interested, she became completely selfish. She was from morning till night, from night till morning, nay from year's end to year's end, so much in the habit of seeing others employed for her that she absolutely considered this to be the natural and necessary course of things; and she quite forgot to think of the comforts, or even of the well-being, of those creatures who were "born for her use, and lived but to oblige her."

From time to time, she was so far wakened to feeling, by Patty's exertions and good-humour, that she would say, to quiet her own conscience, 'Well! Well! I'll make it all up to her, in my Will. I'll make it all up to her, in my Will!'

She took it for granted that Patty, like the rest of her dependents, was governed entirely by mercenary considerations; and she was persuaded that the hopes of this legacy would secure Patty her slave for life. In this she was mistaken.

One morning, Patty came into her room, with a face full of sorrow: a face, so unlike her usual countenance, that even her mistress, unaccustomed as she was to attend to the feelings of others, could not help noticing the change.

'Well! What's the matter, child?' said she.

'Oh, sad news, Madam!' said Patty, turning aside to hide her tears.

'But, what's the matter, child, I say? Can't you speak, whatever it is, hey?

What! have you burnt my best cap in the ironing, hey? Is that it?'

'Oh, worse, worse, Ma'am!

'Worse! What can be worse?'

'My brother, Ma'am, my brother George is ill, very ill, of a fever; and they don't think he'll live! Here is my father's letter, Ma'am!'

'Lord, how can I read it without spectacles? and why should I read it, all, when you've told me all that's in it? How the child cries!' continued Mrs. Crumpe, raising herself a little on her pillow, and looking at Patty with a sort of astonished curiosity. 'Heigho! But I can't stay in bed this way till dinner-time. Get me me my cap, child, and dry your eyes; for crying won't do your brother any good.'

Patty dried her eyes. 'No: crying will not do him any good,' said she, 'but—

'But where is my cap? I don't see it on the dressing-table.'

'No, Ma'am: Martha will bring it in a minute or two; she is plaiting it.'

'I will not have it plaited by Martha. Go and do it yourself.'

'But, Ma'am,' said Patty, who, to her mistress's surprise, stood still, notwithstanding she heard this order, 'I hope you will be so good as to give me leave to go to my poor brother to-day. All the rest of my brothers and sisters are with him, and he wants to see me; and they have sent a horse for me.'

'No matter what they have sent; you shant go; I can't spare you. If you chuse to serve me, serve me. If you chuse to serve your brother, serve your brother, and leave me.'

'Then, Madam,' said Patty, 'I must leave you: for I cannot but chuse to serve my brother at such a time as this, if I can serve him; which God grant I may'nt be too late to do!'

'What! You will leave me? Leave me contrary to my orders! Take notice, then: these doors you shall never enter again, if you leave me now,' cried Mrs. Crumpe; who, by this unexpected oppo-

sition to her orders, was actually worked up to a state unlike her usual peevishness. She started up in her bed, and, growing quite red in the face, cried, 'Leave me now, and you leave me for ever. Remember that! Remember that!'

'Then, Madam, I must leave you for ever,' said Patty, moving towards the door. 'I wish you your health and happiness; and am sorry to break so short.'

'The girl's an idiot!' cried Mrs. Crumpe. 'After this you cannot expect that I should remember you in my will.'

'No, indeed, Madam; I expect no such thing,' said Patty (Her hand was on the lock of the door as she spoke).

'Then,' said Mrs. Crumpe, 'perhaps you will think it worth your while to stay with me, when I tell you I have not forgot you in my will? Consider that, child, before you turn the handle of the door. Consider that; and don't disoblige me for ever.'

'Oh, Madam, consider my poor brother. I am sorry to disoblige you for

ever; but I can consider nothing but my poor brother,' said Patty. The lock of the door turned quickly in her hand.

'Why! Is your brother rich? What upon earth do you expect from this brother, that can make it worth your while to behave to me in this strange way?' said Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty was silent with astonisment for a few moments, and then answered, 'I expect nothing from him, Madam: he is as poor as myself: but that does not make me love him the less.'

Before Mrs. Crumpe could understand this last speech, Patty had left the room. Her mistress sat up in her bed, in the same attitude, for some minutes after she was gone, looking fixedly at the place where Patty had stood: she could scarcely recover from her surprise; and a multitude of painful thoughts crowded upon her mind.

'If I was dying, and poor, who would come to me? Not a relation I have in the

world would come near me! Not a creature on earth loves me as this poor girl loves her brother, who is as poor as herself.'

Here her reflections were interrupted by hearing the galloping of Patty's horse, as it passed by the windows. Mrs. Crumpe tried to compose herself again to sleep, but she could not; and in half an hour's time she rang her bell violently, took her purse out of her pocket, counted out twenty bright guineas, and desired that a horse should be saddled immediately, and that her steward should gallop after Patty, and offer her that *whole sum in hand*, if she would return. 'Begin with one guinea, and bid on till you come up to her price,' said Mrs. Crumpe. 'Have her back again I will; if it was only to convince myself that she is to be had for money, as well as other people.'

The steward, as he counted the gold in his hand, thought it was a great sum to throw away for such a whim: he had never seen his lady take the whim of

giving away ready money before, but it was in vain to remonstrate; she was peremptory, and he obeyed.

In two hours time he returned; and Mrs. Crumpe saw her gold again with extreme astonishment. The steward said he could not prevail upon Patty even to look at the guineas. Mrs. Crumpe now flew into a violent passion, in which none of our readers will probably sympathize: we shall therefore forbear to describe it.

CHAPTER. V.

The good Man dies secure in conscious Virtue.

WHEN Patty came within half a mile of the cottage in which her father lived, she met Hannah, the faithful servant, who had never deserted the family in their misfortunes: she had been watching all the morning, on the road, for the first sight of Patty; but, when she saw her, and came quite close up to her, she had

no power to speak; and Patty was so much terrified that she could not ask her a single question. She walked her horse a slow pace, and kept silence.

'Won't you go on, Ma'am?' said Hannah at last, forcing herself to speak. 'Won't you go on a bit faster? He's almost wild to see you.'

'He is alive then?' cried Patty. The horse was in full gallop directly, and she was soon at her father's door. James and Frank were there watching for her: they lifted her from the horse; and, feeling that she trembled so much as to be scarcely able to stand, they would have detained her a little while in the air; but she passed, or rather rushed into the room where her brother lay. He took no notice of her, when she came in; for he was insensible. Fanny was supporting his head: she held out her hand to Patty, who went on tiptoe to the side of the bed. Is he asleep?' whispered she.

'Not asleep, but——He'll come to

himself presently,' continued Fanny, 'and he will be very very glad you are come; and so will my father.'

'Where is my father?' said Patty. 'I don't see him.'

Fanny pointed to the furthest end of the room, where he was kneeling at his devotion. The shutters being half closed, she could but just see the faint beam which shone upon his grey hairs. He rose, came to his daughter, Patty, with an air of resigned grief, and taking her hand between both of his said, 'My love— we must lose him—God's will be done!'

'Oh, there is hope, there is hope still,' said Patty. 'See! The colour is coming back to his lips again; his eyes open! Oh, George, dear George, dear brother! It is your own sister, Patty: don't you know Patty?'

'Patty!—Yes. Why does not she come to me? I would go to her if I could,' said the sufferer, without knowing what he talked of. 'Is not she come yet? Send another horse, Frank. Why it is

only six miles. Six miles in three hours, that is—how many miles an hour? ten miles is it?—Don't hurry her—Don't tell her I'm so bad—nor my father—Don't let him see me, nor James, nor Frank, nor pretty Fanny, nor any body—They are all too good to me—I only wished to see poor Patty once before I die—But don't frighten her—I shall be very well tell her—quite well by the time she comes.'

After running on in this manner for some time, his eyes closed again, and he lay in a state of stupor. He continued in this condition for some time: at last his sisters, who were watching beside the bed, heard a knocking at the door. It was Frank and James: they had gone for a clergyman, whom George, before he became delirious, had desired to see. The clergyman was come, and with him a benevolent physician, who happened to be at his house, and who insisted upon accompanying him. As soon as the physician saw the poor young man, and felt his pulse, he perceived that the ignorant

apothecary, who had been first employed, had entirely mistaken George's disease, and had treated him wrongly, by which he was thus reduced. His disease was a putrid fever, and the apothecary had bled him repeatedly. The physician thought he could certainly have saved his life, if he had seen him two days sooner; but now it was a hopeless case. All that could be done for him he tried.

Towards evening, the disease seemed to take a favourable turn. George came to his senses, knew his father, his brothers, and Fanny, and spoke to each with his customary kindness, as they stood 'round his bed: he then asked whether poor Patty was come? When he saw her, he thanked her tenderly for coming to him; but could not recollect he had any thing particular to say to her.

'I only wished to see you *all* together, to thank you for your good nature to me ever since I was born, and to take leave of you before I die; for I feel that I am dying. Nay, do not cry so! My father!

Oh, my father is most to be pitied; but he will have James and Frank left.'

Seeing his father's affliction, which the good old man struggled in vain to subdue, George broke off here: he put his hand to his head, as if fearing it was again growing confused.

'Let me see our good clergyman, now that I am well enough to see him,' said he, He then took a hand of each of his brothers and sisters, joined them together, and pressed them to his lips, looking from them to his father, whose back was now turned. 'You understand me,' whispered George; 'he can never come to want, while you are left to work and comfort him. If I should not see you again in this world! farewel! ask my father to give me his blessing!

'God bless you, my son! God bless you, my dear good son! God will surely bless so good a son!' said the agonised father, laying his hand upon his son's forehead, which even now was cold with the damp of death.

'What a comfort it is to have a father's blessing!' said George. 'May you all have it, when you are as I am now.'

'I shall be out of this world long, long before that time, I hope,' said the poor old man, as he left the room. 'But God's will be done! Send the clergyman to my boy.'

The clergyman remained in the room but a short time: when he returned to the family, they saw by his looks that all was over!

There was a solemn silence.

'Be comforted,' said the good clergyman. 'Never man left this world with a clearer conscience, or had happier hope of a life to come. Be comforted. Alas, at such a time as this you cannot be comforted by any thing that the tongue of man can say.'

CHAPTER VI.

Magnanimity in Misfortune ensures Respect.

ALL the family attended the funeral. It was on a Sunday, just before morning prayers; and, as soon as George was interred, his father, brothers, and sisters left the church-yard, to avoid being seen by the gay people who were coming to their devotion. As they went home, they passed through the field in which George used to work; there they saw his heap of docks, and his spade upright in the ground beside it, just as he had left it, the last time that he had ever worked.

The whole family stayed for a few days with their poor father. Late one evening, as they were all walking out together in the fields, a heavy dew began to fall; and James urged his father to make haste home, lest he should catch cold and should have another fit of the rheumatism. They were then at some distance from

their cottage; and Frank, who thought he knew a short way home, took them by a new road, which unluckily led them far out of their way; it brought them unexpectedly within sight of their old farm, and of the new house which Mr. Bettesworth had built upon it.

'Oh, my dear father, I am sorry I brought you this way,' cried Frank. 'Let us turn back.'

'No, my son, why should we turn back?' said his father, mildly; 'we can pass by these fields, and this house, I hope, without coveting our neighbour's goods.'

As they came near the house, he stopped at the gate to look at it. 'It is a good house,' said he, 'but I have no need to envy any man a good house: I, that have so much better things, good children!'

Just as he uttered these words, Mr. Bettesworth's house door opened, and three or four men appeared on the stone steps, quarrelling and fighting. The loud

voices of Fighting Bob and Wild Will were heard too plainly.

'We have no business here,' said old Frankland, turning to his children; 'let us go.'

The combatants pursued each other with such furious rapidity that they were near to the gate in a few instants.

'Lock the gate, you without there, whoever you are! Lock the gate! or I'll knock you down when I come up, whoever you are;' cried Fighting Bob, who was hindmost in the race.

Wild Will was foremost; he kicked open the gate, but his foot slipped as he was going through: his brother overtook him, and, seizing him by the collar, cried, 'Give me back the bank-notes, you rascal; they are mine, and I'll have 'em in spite of you.'

'They are mine, and I'll keep 'em in spite of you,' retorted Will, who was much intoxicated.

'Oh, what a sight! brothers fighting!

Oh, part them; part them! Hold! Hold! for heavens' sake!' cried old Frankland to them.

Frank and James held them asunder, though they continued to abuse one another, in the grossest terms. Their father, by this time, came up; he wrung his hands, and wept bitterly.

'Oh, shame! shame to me in my old age!' cried he, 'can't you two let me live the few years I have to live in peace? Ah, neighbour Frankland, you are better off! My heart will break soon. These children of mine will be the ruin and the death of me.'

At these words the sons interrupted their father, with loud complaints of the manner in which he had treated them. They had quarrelled with one another, and with their father, about money. The father charged them with profligate extravagance; and they accused him of sordid avarice. Mr. Frankland, much shocked at this scene, besought them at least to return to their house, and not to expose

themselves in this manner: especially now that they were in *the station of gentlemen.* Their passions were too loud and brutal to listen to this appeal to their pride; their being raised to the rank of gentlemen could not give them principles, or manners, that] can only be done by education. Despairing to effect any good, Mr. Frankland retired from this scene, and made the best of his way home to his peaceful cottage,

'My children,' said he to his family, as they sat down to their frugal meal; 'we are poor, but we are happy in one another. Was not I right to say I need not envy neighbour Bettesworth his fine house? Whatever misfortunes befal me, I have the blessing of good children. It is a blessing I would not exchange for any this world affords. God preserve them in health!'

He sighed, and soon added, 'It is a bitter thing to think of a good son, who is dead; but it is worse, perhaps, to think of a bad son who is alive. That is a misfortune I can never know. But, my dear

boys and girls,' continued he, changing his tone; 'this idle way of life, of ours, must not last for ever. You are too poor to be idle; and so much the better for you. To-morrow you must all away, to your own business.'

'But, father,' cried they all at once, 'which of us may stay with you?'

'None of you, my good children. You are all going on well in the world; and I will not take you from your good masters, and mistresses.'

Patty now urged that she had the strongest right to remain with her father; because Mrs. Crumpe would certainly refuse to receive her into her service again, after what had passed at their parting: but nothing could prevail upon Frankland; he positively refused to let any of his children stay with him. At last Frank cried, 'how can you possibly manage this farm without help? You must let either James or me stay with you, father. Suppose you should be seized with another fit of the rheumatism.'

Frankland paused for a moment, and then answered, 'Poor Hannah will nurse me, if I fall sick. I am able still to pay her just wages. I will not be a burthen to my children. As to this farm, I am going to give it up; for indeed,' said the old man smiling, 'I should not be well able to manage it with the rheumatism in my spade-arm. My landlord, farmer Hewit, is a good-natured friendly man; and he will give me my own time for the rent: nay he tells me he would let me live in this cottage for nothing; but I cannot do that.'

'Then what will you do, dear father?' said his sons.

'The clergyman, who was here yesterday, has made interest for a house for me, which will cost me nothing, nor him neither; and I shall be very near you both, boys.'

'But, father,' interrupted Frank, 'I know, by your way of speaking, there is something about this house which you do not like.'

'That is true,' said old Frankland: 'but that is the fault of my pride, and of my old prejudices; which are hard to conquer, at my time of life. It is certain, I do not much like the thoughts of going into an alms-house.'

'An alms-house!' cried all his children at once, in a tone of horror. 'Oh, father, you must not, indeed you must not go into an alms-house!'

The pride, which renders the English yeoman averse to live upon public charity, is highly advantageous to the industry and virtue of the nation. Even where it is instilled early into families, as a prejudice, it is useful; and ought to be respected.

Frankland's children, shocked at the idea of their father's going into an alms-house, eagerly offered to join together the money they had earned, and to pay the rent of the cottage, in which he now lived; but Frankland knew that, if he took this money, his children would themselves be in distress. He answered, with tears in his eyes, [illegible].

'My dear children, I thank you all for your goodness; but I cannot accept of your offer. Since I am no longer able to support myself, I will not, from false pride, be the ruin of my children. I will not be a burthen to them; and I prefer living upon public charity to accepting of the ostentatious liberality of any one rich man. I am come to a resolution, which nothing shall induce me to break. I am determined to live in the Monmouth alms-house—nay, hear me, my children, patiently—to live in the Monmouth alms-house for one year; and during that time I will not see any of you, unless I am sick. I lay my commands upon you not to attempt to see me, till this day twelve-month. If at that time you are all together able to maintain me, without hurting yourselves, I will most willingly accept of your bounty for the rest of my days.'

His children assured him they should be able to earn money sufficient to maintain him, without injury to themselves, long before the end of the year; and they be-

sought him to permit them to do so as soon as it was in their power: but he continued firm in his resolution, and made them solemnly promise they would obey his commands, and not ever attempt to see him during the ensuing year. He then took leave of them in a most affectionate manner; saying, 'I know, my dearest children, I have now given you the strongest possible motive for industry and good conduct. This day twelvemonth, we shall meet again; and I hope it will be as joyful a meeting as this is a sorrowful parting.' His children, with some difficulty, obtained permission to accompany him to his new abode.

The alms-houses, at Monmouth, are far superior to common institutions of this kind: they are remarkably neat and comfortable little dwellings, and form a row of pretty cottages, behind each of which there is a garden full of gooseberries, currants, and a variety of useful vegetables. These the old men cultivate themselves.

The houses are fitted up conveniently; and each individual is provided with every thing that he wants, in his own habitation: so that there is no opportunity, or temptation, for those petty disputes about property, which often occur in charitable institutions, that are not prudently conducted. Poor people, who have their goods in common, must necessarily become quarrelsome.

'You see,' said old Frankland, pointing to the shining row of pewter, on the clean shelf over the fire-place in his little kitchen, 'you see I want for nothing, here. I am not much to be pitied.'

His children stood silent, and dejected, whilst he dressed himself in the uniform belonging to the alms-house. Before they parted, they all agreed to meet, at this place, that day twelvemonth; and to bring with them the earnings of the year: they had hopes that thus, by their united efforts, a sum might be obtained sufficient to place their father once more in a state of

independence. With these hopes they separated, and returned to their masters and mistresses.

CHAPTER VII.

It is the Property of Selfishness to destroy Enjoyment.

PATTY went to Mrs. Crumpe's to get her clothes, which she had left there, and to receive some months wages, which were still due for her services. After what had passed, she had no idea that Mrs. Crumpe would wish she should stay with her; and she had heard of another place, in Monmouth, which she believed would suit her in every respect.

The first person she saw, when she arrived at the house of her late mistress, was Martha; who, with a hypocritical length of face, said to her, 'Sad news! Sad news, Mrs. Patty! The passion my lady was thrown into, by your going away so sudden, was of terrible detriment to her. That very night, she had a stroke of the palsy, and has scarce spoke since!'

'Don't take it to heart, it is none of your fault; don't take it to heart, dear Patty,' said Betty, the housemaid, who was fond of Patty. 'What could you do but go to your brother? Here, drink this water, and don't blame yourself at all about the matter. Mistress had a stroke sixteen months ago, afore ever you came into the house; and I dare say she'd have had this last whether you had stayed or gone.'

Here they were interrupted by the violent ringing of Mrs. Crumpe's bell. They were in the room next to her; and, as she heard voices louder than usual, she was impatient to know what was going on. Patty heard Mrs. Martha answer, as she opened her lady's door, ''Tis only Patty Frankland, Ma'am; who is come for her clothes and her wages.'

'And she is very sorry to hear you have been so ill; very sorry,' said Betty, following to the door.

'Bid her come in,' said Mrs. Crumpe; in a voice more distinct than she had ever

been heard to speak in, since the day of her illness.

'What! are you sorry for me, child?' said Mrs. Crumpe, fixing her eyes upon Patty's.

Patty made no answer; but it was plain how much she was shocked.

'Aye, I see you *are* sorry for me,' said her mistress. 'And so am I for you,' added she, stretching out her hand and taking hold of Patty's black gown. You shall have a finer stuff than this for mourning for me. But I know that is not what you are thinking of; and that's the reason I have more value for you than for all the rest of them put together. Stay with me, stay with me, to nurse me; you nurse me to my mind. You cannot leave me, in the way I am in now, when I ask you to stay.'

Patty could not without inhumanity refuse: she stayed with Mrs. Crumpe, who grew so doatingly fond of her that she could scarcely bear to have her a moment out of sight. She would take neither

food nor medicines, but from Patty's hand; and she would not speak, except in answer to Patty's questions. The fatigue and confinement she now was forced to undergo were enough to hurt the constitution of any one, who had not very strong health. Patty bore them with the greatest patience and good-humour; indeed, the consciousness that she was doing right supported her in exertions which would otherwise have been beyond her power.

She had still more difficult trials to go through: Mrs. Martha was jealous of her favour with her lady, and often threw out hints that some people had much more luck, and more cunning too, than other people; but that some people might perhaps be disappointed at last, in their ends.

Patty went on her own straight way, without minding these insinuations at first; but she was soon forced to attend to them. Mrs. Crumpe's relations received intelligence, from Mrs. Martha, that her lady

was growing worse and worse every hour; and that she was quite shut up under the dominion of an artful servant girl; who had gained such power over her that there was no knowing what the consequence might be. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were much alarmed by this story: they knew she had made a will, in their favour, some years before this time; and they dreaded that Patty should prevail upon her to alter it, and should get possession herself of the fortune. They were particularly struck with this idea, because an instance of undue power, acquired by a favourite servant maid over her doating mistress, happened about this period to be mentioned, in an account of a trial, in the news-papers of the day. Mrs. Crumpe's nearest relations were two grand nephews. The eldest was Mr. Joshua Crumpe, a merchant, who was settled at Liverpool: the youngest was that Ensign Bloomington, whom we formerly mentioned. He had been intended for a merchant, but he would never settle to busi-

ness; and at last ran away from the counting-house, where he had been placed, and went into the army. He was an idle extravagant young man: his great-aunt was by fits very angry with him, or very fond of him. Sometimes, she would supply him with money; at others, she would forbid him her presence, and declare he should never see another shilling of hers. This had been her latest determination; but Ensign Bloomington thought he could easily get into favour again, and he resolved to force himself into the house. Mrs. Crumpe positively refused to see him: the day after this refusal, he returned with a reinforcement, for which Patty was not in the least prepared: he was accompanied by Miss Sally Bettesworth, in a regimental riding-habit. Jesse had been the original object of this gentleman's gallantry; but she met with a new and richer lover, and of course jilted him. Sally, who was in haste to be married, took undisguised pains to fix the Ensign; and she thought she

was sure of him. But to proceed with our story.

Patty was told that a lady and gentleman desired to see her, in the parlour: she was scarcely in the room when Saucy Sally began, in a voice capable of intimidating the most courageous of scolds, 'Fine doings! Fine doings, here! You think you have the game in your own hands, I warrant, my lady Paramount; but I'm not one to be bullied, you know of old.'

'Nor am I one to be bullied, I hope,' replied Patty, in a modest but firm voice. 'Will you be pleased to let me know, in a quiet way, what are your commands with me, or my lady?'

'This gentleman here must see your lady, as you call her. To let you into a bit of a secret, this gentleman and I *is* soon to be one; so no wonder I stir in this affair, and I never stir for nothing; so it is as well for you to do it with fair words as foul. Without more preambling, please to shew this gentleman into his

aunt's room, which sure he has the best right to see of any one in this world; and if you prevent it in any species, I'll have the law of you, and I take this respectable woman,' looking at Mrs Martha, who came in with a salver of cakes and wine, 'I take this here respectable gentlewoman to be my witness, if you chuse to refuse my husband (that is to be) admittance to his true and lawful nearest relation upon earth. Only say the doors are locked, and that you won't let him in; that's all we ask of you, Mrs. Patty Paramount. Only say that, afore this here witness.'

'Indeed, I shall say no such thing, Ma'am,' replied Patty; for it is not in the least my wish to prevent the gentleman from seeing my mistress. It was she herself who refused to let him in; and I think, if he forces into the room, she will be apt to be very much displeased: but I shall not hinder him, if he chuses to try. There are the stairs, and my lady's room is the first on the right hand. Only, Sir,

before you go up, let me caution you, lest you should startle her so as to be the death of her. The least surprise or fright might bring on another stroke in an instant.'

Ensign Bloomington and Saucy Sally now looked at one another, as if at a loss how to proceed: they retired to a window to consult; and, whilst they were whispering, a coach drove up to the door. It was full of Mrs. Crumpe's relations, who came post haste from Monmouth, in consequence of the alarm given by Mrs. Martha. Mr. Joshua Crumpe was not in the coach: he had been written for, but was not yet arrived from Liverpool.

Now, it must be observed, this coach-full of relations were all enemies to Ensign Bloomington; and the moment they put their heads out of the carriage window, and saw him standing in the parlour, their surprise and indignation was too great for coherent utterance. With all the rashness of prejudice, they decided that he had [illegible] Patty to let him in and to exclude them. Possessed with this

idea, they hurried out of the coach, passed by poor Patty, who was standing in the hall, and beckoned to Mrs. Martha, who shewed them into the drawing room, and remained shut up with them there for some minutes. 'She is playing us false,' cried Saucy Sally, rushing out of the parlour. 'I told you not to depend on that Martha; nor on nobody but me: I said I'd force a way for you up to the room, and so I have; and now you have not the spirit to take your advantage. They'll get in all of them before you; and then where will you be, and what will you be?'

Mrs. Crumpe's bell rang violently, and Patty ran up stairs to her room.

'I have been ringing for you, Patty, this quarter of an hour! What is all the disturbance I hear below?'

'Your relations Ma'am, who wish to see you. I hope you won't refuse to see them, for they are very anxious.'

'Very anxious to have me dead and buried. Not one of them cares a groat for me. I have made my will, tell them;

and they will see that in time. I will not see one of them.'

By this time, they were all at the bed-chamber door, struggling, which party should enter first. Saucy Sally's loud voice was heard, maintaining her right to be there, as wife elect to Ensign Bloomington.

'Tell them the first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money,' cried Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty opened the door; the disputants were instantly silent. 'Be pleased before you come in, to hearken to what my mistress says. Ma'am, will you say whatever you think proper yourself,' said Patty; 'for it is too hard for me to be suspected of putting words in your mouth, and keeping your friends from the sight of you.'

'The first of them, who comes into this room,' cried Mrs. Crumpe, raising her feeble voice to the highest pitch she was able. 'The first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money; and so on to the next, and the next, and the next. I'll see none of you.'

No one ventured to enter. Their infinite solicitude, to see how poor Mrs. Crumpe found herself to-day, suddenly vanished. The two parties adjourned to the parlour and the drawing-room; and there was nothing in which they agreed, except in abusing Patty. They called for pen, ink, and paper, and each wrote what they wished to say. Their notes were carried up by Patty herself; for Mrs. Martha would not run the risk of losing her own legacy to oblige any of them, though she had been bribed by all. With much difficulty, Mrs. Crumpe was prevailed upon to look at the notes: at last, she exclaimed. 'Let them all come up! all; this moment tell them, all!'

They were in the room instantly; all, except Saucy Sally: Ensign Bloomington persuaded her it was for the best that she should not appear. Patty was retiring, as soon as she had shewn them in; but her mistress called to her, and bade her take a key, which she held in her hand, and unlock an escritoir that was in the room. She did so.

'Give me that parcel, which is tied up with red tape, and sealed with three seals,' said Mrs. Crumpe.

All eyes were immediately fixed upon it, for it was her will.

She broke the seals deliberately, untied the red string, opened the huge sheet of parchment, and without saying one syllable tore it down the middle; then tore the pieces again, and again, till they were so small that the writing could not be read. The spectators looked upon one another in dismay.

'Aye! you may all look as you please,' cried Mrs. Crumpe. 'I'm alive, and in my sound senses still: my money's my own; my property's my own; I'll do what I please with it. You were all handsomely provided for in this will; but you could not wait for your legacies till I was under ground. No! you must come hovering over me, like so many ravens. It is not time yet! It is not time yet! The breath is not yet out of my body; and

when it is, you shall none of you be the better for it, I promise you. My money's my own; my property's my own; I'll make a new will to-morrow. Good by to you all. I've told you my mind.'

Not the most abject humiliations, not the most artful caresses, not the most taunting reproaches, from any of the company, could extort another word from Mrs. Crumpe. Her disappointed and incensed relations were at last obliged to leave the house; though not without venting their rage upon Patty, whom they believed to be the secret cause of all that had happened. After they had left the house, she went up to a garret, where she thought no one would see her or hear her, sat down on an old bedstead, and burst into tears. She had been much shocked, by the scenes that had just passed; and her heart wanted this relief.

Oh, thought she, it is plain enough that it is not riches which can make people happy. Here this poor lady, with heaps of money and fine clothes, without any

one in this whole world to love or care for her; but all wishing her dead: worried by her own relations, and abused by them, almost in her hearing, upon her death-bed! Oh, my poor brother! How different it was with you!

Patty's reflections were here interrupted by the entrance of Martha; who came and sat down on the bedstead beside her, and, with a great deal of hypocritical kindness in her manner, began to talk of what had passed; blaming Mrs. Crumpe's relations for being so hard-hearted and inconsiderate as to force business upon her when she was in such a state. 'Indeed, they have no one to thank, but themselves, for the new turn things have taken. I hear my mistress has torn her will to atoms, and is going to make a new one! To be sure, you, Mrs. Patty, will be handsomely provided for in this, as is, I am sure, becoming; and I hope, if you have an opportunity, as for certain you will, you won't forget to speak a good word for me?'

Patty, who was disgusted by this interested and deceitful address, answered she had nothing to do with her mistress's will; and that her mistress was the best judge of what should be done with her own money, which she did not covet.

Mrs. Martha was not mistaken in her opinion that Patty would be handsomely remembered in this new will. Mrs. Crumpe, the next morning, said to Patty, as she was giving her some medicine: 'It is for your interest, child, that I should get through this day, at least; for, if I live a few hours longer, you will be the richest single woman in Monmouthshire. I'll shew them all that my money's my own; and that I can do what I please with my own. Go yourself to Monmouth, child (as soon as you have plaited my cap), and bring me the attorney your brother lives with, to draw my new will. Don't say one word of your errand to any of my relations I charge you, for your own sake as well as mine. The harpies would tear you to pieces; but I'll shew them I

can do what I please with my own. That's the least satisfaction I can have for my money, before I die. God knows, it has been plague enough to me all my life long! But now, before I die——'

'Oh, Ma'am,' interrupted Patty, 'there is no need to talk of your dying now; for I have not heard you speak so strong, or so clear, nor seem so much yourself this long time. You may live yet, and I hope you will, to see many a good day; and to make it up, if I may be so bold to say it, with all your relations: which, I am sure, would be a great ease to your heart; and I am sure they are very sorry to have offended you.'

'The girl's a fool!' cried Mrs. Crumpe. 'Why, child, don't you understand me yet? I tell you, as plain as I can speak, I mean to leave the whole fortune to you. Well! What makes you look so blank?'

'Because, Ma'am, indeed I have no wish to stand in any body's way; and would not for all the world do such an

unjust thing as to take advantage of your being a little angry or so with your relations, to get the fortune for myself: for I can do, having done all my life, without fortune well enough; but I could not do without my own good opinion, and that of my father and brothers and sister; all which I should lose, if I was to be guilty of a mean thing. So, Ma'am,' said Patty, 'I have made bold to speak the whole truth of my mind to you; and I hope you will not do me an injury, by way of doing me a favour. I am sure I thank you with all my heart for your goodness to me.'

Patty turned away, as she finished speaking; for she was greatly moved.

'You are a strange girl!' said Mrs. Crumpe. 'I would not have believed this, if any one had sworn it to me. Go for the attorney, as I bid you, this minute, I will have my own way.'

When Patty arrived at Mr. Barlow's, she asked immediately for her brother, Frank; whom she wished to consult: but he was out, and she then desired to

speak to Mr. Barlow himself. She was shewn into his office, and she told him her business, without any circumlocution, with the plain language and ingenuous countenance of truth.

'Indeed, Sir,' said she, 'I should be glad you would come directly to my mistress and speak to her yourself; for she will mind what you say, and I only hope she may do the just thing by her relations. I don't want her fortune, nor any part of it, but a just recompense for my service. Knowing this, in my own heart, I forgive them for all the ill-will they bear me: it being all founded in a mistaken notion.'

There was a gentleman in Mr. Barlow's office, who was sitting at a desk writing a letter, when Patty came in: she took him for one of the clerks. Whilst she was speaking, he turned about several times and looked at her very earnestly. At last, he went to a clerk, who was folding up some parchments, and asked who she was? He then sat down again to his writing, without saying a single word.

This gentleman was Mr. Josiah Crumpe, the Liverpool merchant, Mrs. Crumpe's eldest nephew; who had come to Monmouth, in consequence of the account he had heard of his aunt's situation. Mr. Barlow had lately amicably settled a suit between him and one of his relations at Monmouth; and Mr. Crumpe had just been signing the deeds relative to this affair. He was struck with the disinterestedness of Patty's conduct; but he kept silence that she might not find out who he was, and that he might have full opportunity of doing her justice hereafter. He was not one of the ravens, as Mrs. Crumpe emphatically called those who were hovering over her, impatient for her death: he had, by his own skill and industry, made himself not only independent but rich. After Patty was gone, he, with the true spirit of a British merchant, declared that he was as independent in his sentiments as in his fortune; that he would not crouch or fawn to man or woman, peer or prince, in his majesty's dominions;

no, not even to his own aunt. He wished his old aunt Crumpe, he said, to live and enjoy all she had as long as she could; and, if she chose to leave it to him after her death, well and good; he should be much obliged to her: if she did not, why well and good: he should not *be obliged* to be obliged to her; and that, to his humour, would perhaps be better still.

With these sentiments Mr. Josiah Crumpe found no difficulty in refraining from going to see, or, as he called it, from paying his court to his aunt. 'I have some choice West India sweetmeats here for the poor soul,' said he to Mr. Barlow: 'she gave me sweetmeats when I was a school-boy; which I don't forget. I know she has a sweet tooth still in her head; for she wrote to me, last year, to desire I would get her some; but I did not relish the style of her letter, and I never complied with the order: however, I was to blame; she is an infirm poor creature, and should be humoured now, let her be ever so cross. Take her the

sweetmeats; but, mind, do not let her have a taste or a sight of them till she has made her will. I do not want to bribe her to leave me her money-bags: I thank my God and myself, I want them not.'

Mr. Barlow immediately went to Mrs. Crumpe's. As she had land to dispose of, three witnesses were necessary to the will. Patty said she had two men servants who could write; but, to make sure of a third, Mr. Barlow desired that one of his clerks should accompany him. Frank was out; so the eldest clerk went in his stead.

This clerk's name was Mason: he was Frank's chief friend, and a young man of excellent character. He had never seen Patty till this day; but he had often heard her brother speak of her with so much affection that he was prepossessed in her favour, even before he saw her. The manner in which she spoke on the subject of Mr. Crumpe's fortune quite charmed him; for he was of an open generous temper, and said to himself, 'I

would rather have this girl for my wife, without sixpence in the world, than any woman I ever saw in my life—if I could but afford it—and if she was but a little prettier. As it is, however, there is no danger of my falling in love with her; so I may just indulge myself in the pleasure of talking to her: beside, it is but civil to lead my horse and walk a part of the way with Frank's sister.'

Accordingly, Mason set off to walk a part of the way to Mrs. Crumpe's with Patty; and they fell into conversation, in which they were both so earnestly engaged that they did not perceive how time passed. Instead, however, of part of the way, Mason walked the whole way; and he and Patty were both rather surprised, when they found themselves within sight of Mrs. Crumpe's house.

What a fine healthy colour this walking has brought into her face! thought Mason, as he stood looking at her, whilst they were waiting for some one to open Mrs. Crumpe's door. Though she has

not a single beautiful feature, and though nobody could call her handsome, yet, there is so much good-nature in her countenance that, plain as she certainly is, her looks are more pleasing to my fancy than those of many a beauty I have heard admired.

The door was now opened; and Mr. Barlow, who had arrived some time, summoned Mason to business. They went up to Mrs. Crumpe's room to take her instructions for her new will. Patty shewed them in.

'Don't go, child. I will not have you stir,' said Mrs. Crumpe. 'Now stand there, at the foot of my bed; and without hypocrisy tell me truly, child, your mind. This gentleman, who understands the law, can assure you that, in spite of all the relations upon earth, I can leave my fortune to whom I please: so do not let fear of my relations prevent you from being happy.'

'No, Madam,' interrupted Patty, 'it was not fear that made me say what I did to you this morning; and it is not fear that keeps me in the same mind still. I

would not do what I thought wrong myself if nobody else in the whole world was to know it. But, since you desire me to say what I really wish, I have a father, who is in great distress, and I should wish you would leave fifty pounds to him.'

'With such principles and feelings,' cried Mr. Barlow, 'you are happier than ten thousand a year could make you!'

Mason said nothing; but his looks said a great deal! and his master forgave him the innumerable blunders he made, in drawing Mrs. Crumpe's will. 'Come, Mason, give me up the pen,' whispered he, at last: 'you are not your own man I see; and I like you the better for being touched with good and generous conduct. But a truce with sentiment, now; I must be a mere man of law. Go you and take a walk, to recover your *legal* senses.'

The contents of Mrs. Crumpe's new will were kept secret: Patty did not in the least know how she had disposed of her fortune; nor did Mason, for he had written only the preamble, when his mas-

ter compassionately took the pen from his hand. Contrary to expectation, Mrs. Crumpe continued to linger on for some months; and, during this time, Patty attended her with the most patient care and humanity. Though long habits of selfishness had rendered this lady in general indifferent to the feelings of her servants and dependents, yet Patty was an exception: she often said to her, 'Child, it goes against my conscience to keep you prisoner here the best days of your life, in a sick room: go out and take a walk with your brothers and sister, I desire, whenever they call for you.'

These walks with her brothers and sister were very refreshing to Patty; especially when Mason was of the party, as he almost always contrived to be. Every day he grew more and more attached to Patty; for every day he became more and more convinced of the goodness of her disposition, and the sweetness of her temper. The affection, which he saw her brothers and sister bore her, spoke to his mind most

strongly in her favour. They have known her from her childhood, thought he, and cannot be deceived in her character. 'Tis a good sign that those who know her best love her most: and her loving her pretty sister, Fanny, as she does, is a proof that she is incapable of envy and jealousy.

In consequence of these reflections, Mason determined he would apply diligently to his business; that he might in due time be able to marry and support Patty. She ingenuously told him she had never seen the man she could love so well as himself: but that her first object was to earn some money, to release her father from the alms-house, where she could not bear to see him living upon charity. 'When, amongst us all, we have accomplished this,' said she, 'it will be time enough for me to think of marrying. Duty first, and love afterwards.'

Mason loved her the better, when he found her so steady in her gratitude to her father: for he was a man of sense, and

knew that so good a daughter and sister would, in all probability, make a good wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Triumphs of Envy bring their own Disgrace.

We must now give some account of what Fanny has been doing all this time. Upon her return to Mrs. Hungerford's, after the death of her brother, she was received with the greatest kindness by her mistress, and by all the children, who were really fond of her; though she had never indulged them in any thing that was contrary to their mother's wishes.

Mrs. Hungerford had not forgotten the affair of the kettle-drum. One morning she said to her little son, 'Gustavus, your curiosity about the kettle-drum and the clarinet shall be satisfied: your cousin Philip will come here in a few days; and he is well acquainted with the colonel of

the regiment, which is quartered in Monmouth: he shall ask the colonel to let us have the band here, some day. We may have them at the farthest end of the garden; and you and your brothers and sisters shall dine in the arbour, with Fanny; who, upon this occasion, particularly deserves to have a share in your amusement.'

The cousin, Philip, of whom Mrs. Hungerford spoke, was no other than Frankland's landlord, young Mr. Folingsby. Besides liking fine horses and fine curricles, this gentleman was a great admirer of fine women.

He was struck with Fanny's beauty, the first day he came to Mrs. Hungerford's: every succeeding day he thought her handsomer and handsomer; and every day grew fonder and fonder of playing with his little cousins. Upon some pretence or other, he contrived to be constantly in the room with them, when Fanny was there: the modest propriety of her manners, however, kept him at that distance

at which it was no easy matter for a pretty girl, in her situation, to keep such a gallant gentleman. His intention, when he came to Mrs. Hungerford's, was to stay but a week; but, when that week was at an end, he determined to stay another: he found his aunt Hungerford's house uncommonly agreeable. The moment she mentioned to him her wish of having the band of music in the garden, he was charmed with the scheme, and longed to dine out in the arbour with the children; but he dared not press this point, lest he should excite suspicion.

Amongst other company who dined this day with Mrs. Hungerford was a Mrs. Cheviott, a blind lady, who took the liberty, as she said, to bring with her a young person, who was just come to live with her as a companion. This young person was Jesse Bettesworth; or, as she is henceforward to be called, Miss Jesse Bettesworth. Since her father had "come in for Captain Bettesworth's fortin," her mother had spared no pains to push Jesse

forward in the world; having no doubt that "her beauty, when well dressed, would charm some great gentleman; or, may be, some great lord!" Accordingly, Jesse was dizened out in all sorts of finery: her thoughts were wholly bent on fashions and flirting; and her mother's vanity, joined to her own, nearly turned her brain.

Just as this fermentation of folly was gaining force, she happened to meet with Ensign Bloomington at a ball in Monmouth; he fell, or she thought he fell, desperately in love with her: she, of course, coquetted with him: indeed, she gave him so much encouragement that every body concluded they were to be married. She and her sister Sally were continually seen, walking arm in arm, with him in the streets of Monmouth; and morning, noon, and night she wore the drop-earings, of which he had made her a present. It chanced, however, that Jilting Jesse heard an officer, in her ensign's regiment, swear she was pretty

enough to be the captain's lady instead of the ensign's; and, from that moment, she thought no more of the ensign.

He was enraged to find himself jilted thus, by a country-girl, and determined to have his revenge: consequently he immediately transferred all his attentions to her sister Sally; judiciously calculating that, from the envy and jealousy he had seen between the sisters, this would be the most effectual mode of mortifying his perfidious fair. Jilting Jesse said her sister was welcome to her cast sweet-hearts; and Saucy Sally replied her sister was welcome to be her bride-maid; since, with all her beauty and all her airs, she was not likely to be a bride.

Mrs. Bettesworth had always confessed that Jesse was her favourite: like a wise and kind mother, she took part in all these disputes; and set these amiable sisters yet more at variance, by prophecying that "her Jesse would make the grandest match."

To put her in fortune's way, Mrs. Bet-

tesworth determined to get her into some genteel family, as companion to a lady. Mrs. Cheviott's house-keeper was nearly related to the Bettesworths, and to her Mrs. Bettesworth applied. 'But I'm afraid Jesse is something too much of a flirt,' said the house-keeper, 'for my mistress; who is a very strict staid lady. You know, or at least we in Monmouth know, that Jesse was greatly talked of, about a young officer here in town. I used myself to see her go trailing about, with her muslin and pink and fine-coloured shoes in the dirt.'

'Oh! That's all over now,' said Mrs. Bettesworth: 'the man was quite beneath her notice. That's all over now: he will do well enough for Sally; but, Ma'am, my daughter Jesse has quite laid herself out for goodness now, and only wants to get into some house where she may learn to be a little genteel.'

The house-keeper, though she had not the highest possible opinion of the young lady, was in hopes that, since Jesse had now laid herself out for goodness, she

might yet turn out well; and, considering that she was her relation, she thought it her duty to speak in favour of Miss Bettesworth. In consequence of her recommendation, Mrs. Cheviott took Jesse into her family; and Jesse was particularly glad to be the companion of a blind lady.

She discovered, the first day she spent with Mrs. Cheviott, that, besides the misfortune of being blind, she had the still greater misfortune of being inordinately fond of flattery. Jesse took advantage of this foible, and imposed so far on the understanding of her patroness that she persuaded Mrs. Cheviott into a high opinion of her judgment and prudence.

Things were in this situation when Jesse, for the first time, accompanied the blind lady to Mrs. Hungerford's. Without having the appearance or manners of a gentlewoman, Miss Jesse Bettesworth was, notwithstanding, such a pretty showy girl that she generally contrived to attract notice. She caught Mr. Folingsby's eye, at dinner, as she was playing off her best

airs at the side-table; and it was with infinite satisfaction that she heard him ask one of the officers, as they were going out to walk in the garden, 'Who is that girl? She has fine eyes, and a most beautiful long neck!" Upon the strength of this whisper, Jesse flattered herself she had made a conquest of Mr. Folingsby; by which idea she was so much intoxicated that she could scarcely restrain her vanity within decent bounds.

'Lord! Fanny Frankland! Is it you? Who expected to meet you sitting here,' said she; when, to her great surprize, she saw Fanny in the arbour with the children. To her yet greater surprize, she soon perceived that Mr. Folingsby's attention was entirely fixed upon Fanny; and that he became so absent he did not know he was walking upon the flower-borders.

Jesse could scarcely believe her senses, when she saw that her rival, for as such she now considered her, gave her lover no encouragement. 'Is it possible that the girl is such a fool as not to see that

this here gentleman is in love with her? No; that is out of the nature of things. Oh, it's all artifice; and I will find out her drift, I warrant, before long!'

Having formed this laudable resolution, she took her measures well for carrying it into effect. Mrs. Cheviott, being blind, had few amusements: she was extremely fond of music, and one of Mrs. Hungerford's daughters played remarkably well on the piano-forte. This evening, as Mrs. Cheviott was listening to the young lady's singing, Jesse exclaimed, 'Oh, ma'am, how happy it would make you, to hear such singing and music every day.'

'If she would come every day, when my sister is practising with the music master, she might hear enough of it,' said little Gustavus. 'I'll run and desire mama to ask her; because,' added he, in a low voice, 'if I was blind, may be I should like it myself.'

Mrs. Hungerford, who was good-natured as well as polite, pressed Mrs. Cheviott to come, whenever it should be

agreeable to her. The poor blind lady was delighted with the invitation; and went regularly every morning to Mrs. Hungerford's at the time the music-master attended. Jesse Bettesworth always accompanied her, for she could not go any where without a guide.

Jesse had now ample opportunities of gratifying her malicious curiosity; she saw, or thought she saw, that Mr. Folingsby was displeased, by the reserve of Fanny's manners; and she renewed all her own coquetish efforts to engage his attention. He amused himself sometimes with her, in hopes of rousing Fanny's jealousy; but he found that this expedient, though an infallible one in ordinary cases, was here totally unavailing. His passion for Fanny was increased so much, by her unaffected modesty, and by the daily proofs he saw of the sweetness of her disposition, that he was no longer master of himself: he plainly told her that he could not live without her.

'That's a pity, Sir,' said Fanny, laugh-

ing, and trying to turn off what he said, as if it were only a jest. 'It is a great pity, Sir, that you cannot live without me; for, you know, I cannot serve my mistress, do my duty, and live with you.'

Mr. Folingsby endeavoured to convince, or rather to persuade, her that she was mistaken; and swore that nothing within the power of his fortune should be wanting to make her happy.

'Ah, Sir!' said she, 'your fortune could not make me happy, if I were to do what I know is wrong, what would disgrace me for ever, and what would break my poor father's heart!'

'But your father shall never know any thing of the matter. I will keep your secret from the whole world: trust to my honour.'

'Honour! Oh, Sir, how can you talk to me of honour! Do you think I do not know what honour is, because I am poor? Or do you think I do not set any value on mine, though you do on yours? Would not you kill any man, if you could, in a

duel, for doubting of your honour? And yet you expect me to love you, at the very moment you show me, most plainly, how desirous you are to rob me of mine!'

Mr. Folingsby was silent for some moments: but, when he saw that Fanny was leaving him, he hastily stopped her, and said, laughing, 'you have made me a most charming speech about honour; and, what is better still, you looked most charmingly when you spoke it: but now take time to consider what I have said to you. Let me have your answer to-morrow; and consult this book before you answer me, I conjure you.'

Fanny took up the book, as soon as Mr. Folingsby had left the room; and, without opening it, determined to return it immediately. She instantly wrote a letter to Mr. Folingsby, which she was just wrapping up with the book in a sheet of paper, when Miss Jesse Bettesworth, the blind lady, and the music-master, came into the room. Fanny went to set a chair for the blind lady; and, whilst she was

doing so, Miss Jesse Bettesworth, who had observed that Fanny blushed when they came in, slily peeped into the book, which lay on the table. Between the first pages she opened, there was a five pound bank-note; she turned the leaf, and found another, and another, and another at every leaf! Of these notes she counted one and twenty; whilst Fanny, unsuspicious of what was doing behind her back, was looking for the children's music-books.

'Philip Folingsby! So, so! Did he give you this book Fanny Frankland?' said Jesse, in a scornful tone; 'it seems truly to be a very valuable performance; and, no doubt, he had good reasons for giving it to you.'

Fanny coloured deeply, at this unexpected speech; and hesitated, from the fear of betraying Mr. Folingsby. 'He did not give me the book; he only lent it to me,' said she, 'and I am going to return it to him directly.'

'Oh, no, pray lend it to me first,' re-

plied Jesse, in an ironical tone; 'Mr. Folingsby, to be sure, would lend it to me as soon as to you. I'm grown as fond of reading as other folks, lately,' continued she, holding the book fast.

'I dare say, Mr. Folingsby would—Mr. Folingsby would lend it to you, I suppose,' said Fanny, colouring more and more deeply; 'but, as it is trusted to me now, I must return it safe. Pray let me have it, Jesse.'

'Oh, yes; return it, madam, safe! I make no manner of doubt you will! I make no manner of doubt you will?' repeated Jesse, several times, as she shook the book; whilst the bank-notes fell from between the leaves, and were scattered upon the floor. 'It is a thousand pities, Mrs. Cheviott, you can't see what a fine book we have got, full of bank-notes! But Mrs. Hungerford is not blind at any rate, it is to be hoped,' continued she, turning to Mrs. Hungerford, who at this instant opened the door.

She stood in dignified amazement.

Jesse had an air of malignant triumph. Fanny was covered with blushes; but she looked with all the tranquillity of innocence. The children gathered round her; and blind Mrs. Cheviott cried, 'What is going on? What is going on? Will nobody tell me what is going on? Jesse! What is it you are talking about, Jesse?'

'About a very valuable book, ma'am; containing more than I can easily count, in bank-notes, ma'am, that Mr. Folingsby has lent, only lent, ma'am, she says, to Miss Fanny Frankland, ma'am, who was just going to return them to him, ma'am, when I unluckily took up the book, and shook them all out upon the floor, ma'am.'

'Pick them up, Gustavus, my dear,' said Mrs. Hungerford, coolly. 'From what I know of Fanny Frankland, I am inclined to believe that whatever she says is truth. Since she has lived with me, I have never, in the slightest instance, found her deviate from truth; therefore I must entirely depend upon what she says.'

'Oh yes, mama,' cried the children, all together, 'that I am sure you may.'

'Come with me, Fanny,' resumed Mrs. Hungerford, 'it is not necessary that your explanation should be public, though I am persuaded it will be satisfactory.'

Fanny was glad to escape from the envious eye of Miss Jesse Bettesworth, and felt much gratitude to Mrs. Hungerford, for this kindness and confidence: but, when she was to make her explanation, Fanny was in great confusion. She dreaded to occasion a quarrel between Mr. Folingsby and his aunt; yet she knew not how to exculpate herself, without accusing him.

'Why these blushes and tears, and why this silence, Fanny,' said Mrs. Hungerford, after she had waited some minutes, in expectation she would begin to speak. 'Are not you sure of justice from me; and of protection, both from slander and insult. I am fond of my nephew, it is true; but I think myself obliged to you, for the manner in which you have conducted

yourself towards my children, since you have had them under your care. Tell me then, freely, if you have any reason to complain of young Mr. Folingsby.'

'Oh, madam,' said Fanny, 'thank you a thousand times for your goodness to me. I do not, indeed I do not wish to complain of any body; and I would not for the world make mischief between you and your nephew. I would rather leave your family [illegible] once, and that,' continued the poor girl, sobbing, 'that is what I believe I had best; nay, is what I must and will do.'

'No, Fanny: do not leave my house, without giving me an explanation of what has passed this morning; for, if you do, your reputation is at the mercy of Miss Jesse Bettesworth's malice.'

'Heaven forbid!' said Fanny, with a look of real terror. 'I must beg, madam, that you will have the kindness to return this book, and these bank-notes, to Mr. Folingsby; and that you will give him this letter, which I was just going to wrap

up in the paper, with the book, when Jesse Bettesworth came in and found the bank-notes, which I had never seen. These can make no difference in my answer to Mr. Folingsby; therefore I shall leave my letter just as it was first written, if you please, madam.'

Fanny's letter was as follows:

"SIR,

"I return the book, which you left with me, as nothing it contains can ever alter my opinion, on the subject of which you spoke to me this morning. I hope you will never speak to me again, Sir, in the same manner. Consider, Sir, that I am a poor unprotected girl. If you go on as you have done lately, I shall be obliged to leave good Mrs. Hungerford; who is my only friend. Oh, where shall I find so good a friend? My poor old father is in the alms-house; and there he must remain till his children can earn money sufficient to support him. Do not fancy, Sir, that I say this by way of begging from you: I would not, nor would he, accept of any thing that you could offer him, whilst in your present way of thinking. Pray, Sir, have some compassion, and do not injure those whom you cannot serve.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"FANNY FRANKLAND."

Mr. Folingsby was surprised and confounded, when this letter and the book, containing his bank-notes, were put into his hand by his aunt. Mrs. Hungerford told him by what means the book had been seen by Miss Jesse Bettesworth; and to what imputations it must have exposed Fanny. 'Fanny is afraid of making mischief between you and me,' continued Mrs. Hungerford; 'and I cannot prevail upon her to give me an explanation, which I am persuaded would be much to her honour.'

'Then you have not seen this letter! Then she has decided without consulting you! She is a charming girl!' cried Mr. Folingsby; 'and whatever you may think of me, I am bound, in justice to her, to shew you what she has written: that will sufficiently explain how much I have been to blame, and how well she deserves the confidence you place in her.'

As he spoke, Mr. Folingsby rang the bell, to order his horses. 'I will return to town immediately,' continued he; 'so

Fanny need not leave the house of her only friend to avoid me. As to these bank-notes, keep them, dear aunt. She says her father is in great distress. Perhaps, now that I am come "to a right way of thinking," she will not disdain my assistance. Give her the money when and how you think proper. I am sure I cannot make a better use of a hundred guineas; and wish I had never thought of making a worse.'

Mr. Folingsby returned directly to town; and his aunt thought he had in some measure atoned for his fault by his candour and generosity.

Miss Jesse Bettesworth waited all this time, with malicious impatience, to hear the result of Fanny's explanation with Mrs. Hungerford. How painfully was she surprised, and disappointed, when Mrs. Hungerford returned to the company, to hear her speak in the highest terms of Fanny! 'Oh, mama,' cried little Gustavus, clapping his hands, 'I am glad you think her good, because we all think

so; and I should be very sorry indeed if she was to go away, especially in disgrace.'

'There is no danger of that, my dear,' said Mrs. Hungerford. 'She shall never leave my house, as long as she desires to stay in it. I do not give, or withdraw, my protection, without good reasons.'

Miss Jesse Bettesworth bit her lips. Her face, which nature intended beautiful, became almost ugly: envy and malice distorted her features; and, when she departed with Mrs. Cheviott, her humiliated appearance was a strong contrast to the air of triumph with which she had entered.

CHAPTER IX.

Direct Dealings, however kind, often begin in Offence; but always end in Honor.

AFTER Jesse and Mrs. Cheviott had left the room, one of the little girls exclaimed, 'I don't like that Miss Bettes-

worth; for she asked me whether I did not wish that Fanny was gone, because she refused to let me have a peach that was not ripe. I am sure I wish Fanny may always stay here.'

There was a person in the room who seemed to join most fervently in this wish: this was Mr. Reynolds, the drawing-master. For some ~~period~~ time his thoughts had been greatly occupied by Fanny. At first, he was struck with her beauty; but he had discovered that Mr. Folingsby was in love with her, and had carefully attended to her conduct; resolving not to offer himself till he was sure on a point so serious. Her modesty and prudence fixed his affections; and he now became impatient to declare his passion. He was a man of excellent temper and character; and his activity and talents were such as to ensure independence to a wife and family.

Mrs. Hungerford, though a proud, was not a selfish woman: she was glad that Mr. Reynolds was desirous to obtain

Fanny; though she was sorry to part with one who was so useful in her family. Fanny had now lived with her nearly two years; and she was much attached to her. A distant relation, about this time, left her five children a small legacy of ten guineas each. Gustavus, though he had some ambition to be master of a watch, was the first to propose that this legacy should be given to Fanny. His brothers and sisters applauded the idea; and Mrs. Hungerford added fifty guineas to their fifty. 'I had put by this money,' said she, 'to purchase a looking-glass for my drawing-room; but it will be much better applied in rewarding one who has been of real service to my children.'

Fanny was now mistress of two hundred guineas; a hundred given to her by Mr. Folingsby, fifty by Mrs. Hungerford, and fifty by the children. Her joy and gratitude were extreme; for, with this money, she knew she could relieve her father: this was the first wish of her heart; and it was a wish in which her

lover so eagerly joined that she smiled on him, and said, 'Now, I am sure, you really love me.'

'Let us go to your father directly,' said Mr. Reynolds. 'Let me be present, when you give him this money.'

'You shall,' said Fanny: 'but first I must consult my sister Patty and my brothers; for we must all go together; that is our agreement. The first day of next month is my father's birth-day; and, on that day, we are all to meet at the almshouse. What a happy day it will be!'

But what has James been about all this time? How has he gone on with his master, Mr. Cleghorn, the haberdasher?

During the eighteen months that James had spent in Mr. Cleghorn's shop, he never gave his master the slightest reason to complain of him: on the contrary, this young man made his employer's interests his own; and, consequently, completely deserved his confidence. It was not, however, always easy to deal with Mr. Cleghorn; for he dreaded to be flattered,

yet could not bear to be contradicted. James was very near losing his favour for ever, upon the following occasion.

One evening, when it was nearly dusk, and James was just shutting up shop, a strange looking man, prodigiously corpulent, and with huge pockets to his coat, came in. He leaned his elbows on the counter, opposite to James, and stared him full in the face without speaking. James swept some loose money off the counter into the till. The stranger smiled, as if purposely to shew him this did not escape his quick eye. There was in his countenance an expression of roguery and humour: the humour seemed to be affected, the roguery natural. 'What are you pleased to want, Sir?' said James.

'A glass of brandy, and your master.'

'My master is not at home, Sir; and we have no brandy. You will find brandy, I believe, at the house over the way.'

'I believe I know where to find brandy

a little better than you do; and better brandy than you ever tasted, or the devil's in it,' replied the stranger. 'I want none of your brandy. I only asked for it to try what sort of a chap you were. So you don't know who I am?'

'No, Sir; not in the least.'

'No! Never heard of Admiral Tipsey! Where do you come from? Never heard of Admiral Tipsey! whose noble paunch is worth more than a Laplander could reckon,' cried he, striking the huge rotundity he praised. 'Let me into this back parlour; I'll wait there, till your master comes home.'

'Sir, you cannot possibly go into that parlour: there is a young lady, Mr. Cleghorn's daughter, Sir, at tea in that room; she must not be disturbed,' said James, holding the lock of the parlour door. He thought the stranger was either drunk or pretending to be drunk; and contended, with all his force, to prevent him from getting into the parlour.

Whilst they were struggling, Mr. Cleg-

horn came home. 'Hey day! what's the matter? Oh, admiral! Is it you?" said Mr. Cleghorn, in a voice of familiarity that astonished James. 'Let us by, James; you don't know the admiral.'

Admiral Tipsey was a smuggler: he had the command of two or three smuggling vessels, and thereupon created himself an admiral; a dignity which few dared to dispute with him, whilst he held his oak stick in his hand. As to the name of Tipsey, no one could be so unjust as to question his claim to it; for he was never known to be perfectly sober, during a whole day, from one year's end to another. To James's great surprise, the admiral, after he had drunk one dish of tea, unbuttoned his waistcoat, from top to bottom, and deliberately began to unpack his huge false corpulence! Round him were wound innumerable pieces of lace, and fold after fold of fine cambrick. When he was completely unpacked, it was difficult to believe that he was the same person, he looked so thin and shrunk.

He then called for some clean straw, and began to stuff himself out again to what he called "a passable size." 'Did not I tell you, young man, I carried that under my waistcoat which would make a fool stare! The lace that's on the floor, to say nothing of the cambrick, is worth full twice the sum for which you shall have it, Cleghorn. Good night. I'll call again to-morrow, to settle our affairs: but don't let your young man here shut the door, as he did to-day, in the admiral's face. Here is a cravat for you, notwithstanding,' continued he, turning to James, and throwing him a piece of very fine cambrick. 'I must list you in admiral Tipsey's service.'

James followed him to the door, and returned the cambrick in despite of all the entreaties that he would "wear it, or sell it, for the admiral's sake."

'So James,' said Mr. Cleghorn, when the smuggler was gone, 'you do not seem to like our admiral.'

'I know nothing of him, Sir, except

that he is a smuggler; and for that reason I do not wish to have any thing to do with him.'

'I am sorry for that,' said Mr. Cleghorn, with a mixture of shame and anger in his countenance: my conscience is as nice as other people's; and yet I have a notion I shall have something to do with him, though he is a smuggler; and, if I am not mistaken, shall make a deal of money by him. I have not had any thing to do with smugglers yet; but I see many, in Monmouth, who are making large fortunes by their assistance. There is our neighbour, Mr. Raikes: what a rich man he is become! And why should I, or why should you, be more scrupulous than others? Many gentlemen, aye gentlemen, in the country are connected with them; and why should a shop-keeper be more conscientious than they? Speak; I must have your opinion.'

With all the respect due to his master, James gave it as his opinion that it would be best to have nothing to do with Admiral

Tipsey, or with any of the smugglers. He observed that men, who carried on an illicit trade, and who were in the daily habits of cheating, or of taking false oaths, could not be safe partners. Even putting morality out of the question, he remarked that the smuggling trade was a sort of gaming, by which one year a man might make a deal of money, and another might be ruined.

'Upon my word!' said Mr. Cleghorn, in an ironical tone: 'you talk very wisely, for so young a man! Pray, where did you learn all this wisdom?'

'From my father, Sir; from whom I learned every thing that I know: every thing that is good, I mean. I had an uncle once, who was ruined by his dealings with smugglers; and who would have died in jail, if it had not been for my father. I was but a young lad, at the time this happened; but I remember my father saying to me, the day my uncle was arrested, when my aunt and all the children were crying, "Take warning by this, my dear

James: you are to be in trade, some day or other, yourself: never forget that honesty is the best policy. The fair trader will always have the advantage, at the long run."

'Well, Well; no more of this,' interrupted Mr. Cleghorn. 'Good night to you. You may finish the rest of your sermon against smugglers to my daughter there, whom it seems to suit better than it pleases me.'

The next day, when Mr. Cleghorn went into the shop, he scarcely spoke to James, except to find fault with him. This he bore with patience; knowing that he meant well, and that his master would recover his temper, in time.

'So the parcels were all sent, and the bills made out, as I desired,' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'You are not in the wrong there. You know what you are about, James, very well: but why should not you deal openly by me, according to your father's maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy?" Why should not you fairly tell me what

were your secret views, in the advice you gave me about Admiral Tipsey, and the smugglers?'

'I have no secret views, Sir,' said James; with a look of such sincerity that his master could not help believing him: 'nor can I guess what you mean by *secret views*. If I consulted my own advantage instead of yours, I should certainly use all my influence with you in favour of this smuggler: for here is a letter, which I received from him this morning, "hoping for my friendship," and enclosing a ten-pound note, which I returned to him.'

Mr. Cleghorn was pleased by the openness and simplicity with which James told him all this; and, immediately throwing aside the reserve of his manner, said, 'James, I beg your pardon: I see I have misunderstood you. I am convinced you were not acting like a double dealer, in the advice you gave me last night. It was my daughter's colouring so much that led me astray. I did to be sure think you had an eye to her, more than to me, in

what you said; but, if you had, I am sure you would tell me so fairly.'

James was at a loss to comprehend how the advice that he gave, concerning Admiral Tipsey, and the smugglers, could relate to Miss Cleghorn, except so far as it related to her father. He waited in silence for a further explanation.

'You don't know then,' continued Mr. Cleghorn, 'that Admiral Tipsey, as he calls himself, is able to leave his nephew, young Raikes, more than I can leave my daughter? It is his whim to go about dressed in that strange way in which you saw him yesterday; and it is his diversion to carry on the smuggling trade, by which he has made so much: but he is in reality a rich old fellow, and has proposed that I should marry my daughter to his nephew. Now you begin to understand me, I see. The lad is a smart lad: he is to come here this evening. Don't prejudice my girl against him. Not a word more against smugglers, before her, I beg.'

'You shall be obeyed, Sir, said James. His voice altered, and he turned pale, as

he spoke; circumstances, which did not escape Mr. Cleghorn's observation.

Young Raikes and his uncle, the rich smuggler, paid their visit. Miss Cleghorn expressed a decided dislike to both uncle and nephew. Her father was extremely provoked; and, in the heighth of his anger, declared he believed she was in love with James Frankland; that he was a treacherous rascal, and that he should leave the house within three days, if his daughter did not, before that time, consent to marry the man he had chosen for her husband. It was in vain that his daughter endeavoured to soften her father's rage; and to exculpate poor James, by protesting he had never, directly or indirectly, attempted to engage her affections; neither had he ever said one syllable that could prejudice her against the man whom her father recommended. Mr. Cleghorn's high notions of subordination applied, on this occasion, equally to his daughter and to his foreman: he considered them both as presumptuous, and un-

grateful; and said to himself, as he walked up and down the room in a rage, 'My foreman to preach to me indeed! I thought what he was about all the time! But it shan't do! It shan't do! My daughter shall do as I bid her, or I'll know why! Have not I been all my life making a fortune for her? and now she won't do as I bid her! She would, if this fellow was out of the house; and out he shall go, in three days, if she does not come to her senses. I was cheated by my last shopman out of my money; I won't be duped, by this fellow, out of my daughter. No! No! Off he shall trudge! A shopman indeed, to think of his master's daughter without his consent! What insolence! What the times are come to! Such a thing could not have been done, in my days! I never thought of my master's daughter, I'll take my oath! And then the treachery of the rascal! To carry it all on so slily! I could forgive him any thing but that: for that he shall go out of this house in three days, as sure as he and I are alive,

if his young lady does not give him up before that time.'

Passion so completely deafened Mr. Cleghorn that he would not listen to James; who assured him he had never, for one moment, aspired to the honour of marrying his daughter. 'Can you deny that you love her? Can you deny,' cried Mr. Cleghorn, 'that you turned pale yesterday, when you said I should be obeyed?'

James could not deny either of these charges; but he firmly persisted in asserting that he had been guilty of no treachery; that he had never attempted secretly to engage the young lady's affections; and that, on the contrary, he was sure she had no suspicion of his attachment. 'It is easy to prove all this to me, by persuading my girl to do as I bid her. Prevail on her to marry Mr. Raikes, and all is well.'

'That is out of my power, Sir,' replied James. 'I have no right to interfere, and will not. Indeed, I am sure I should betray myself, if I were to attempt to say a word to Miss Cleghorn in favour of ano-

ther man: that is a task I could not undertake, even if I had the highest opinion of this Mr. Raikes: but I know nothing concerning him; and therefore should do wrong to speak in his favour, merely to please you. I am sorry, very sorry, Sir, that you have not the confidence in me which I hoped I had deserved: but the time will come when you will do me justice. The sooner I leave you now, I believe, the better you will be satisfied; and, far from wishing to stay three days, I do not desire to stay three minutes in your house, Sir, against your will.'

Mr. Cleghorn was touched by the feeling and honest pride with which James spoke.

'Do as I bid you, Sir,' said he; 'and neither more nor less. Stay out your three days; and may be, in that time, this saucy girl may come to reason. If she does not know you love her, you are not *so much* to blame.'

The three days passed away, and the morning came on which James was to

leave his master. The young lady persisted in her resolution not to marry Mr. Raikes; and expressed much concern at the injustice with which James was treated, on her account. She offered to leave home, and spend some time with an aunt, who lived in the North of England. She did not deny that James appeared to her the most agreeable young man she had seen; but added she could not possibly have any thoughts of marrying him, because he had never given her the least reason to believe that he was attached to her.

Mr. Cleghorn was agitated; yet positive in his determination that James should quit the house. James went into his master's room, to take leave of him. 'So then you are really going?' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'You have buckled that portmanteau of yours like a blockhead; I'll do it better: stand aside. So you are positively going? Why, this is a sad thing! But then it is a thing, as your own sense and honour tell you—it is a

thing——' (Mr. Cleghorn took snuff at every pause of his speech; but even this could not carry him through it; when he pronounced the words)—" It is a thing that must be done"—The tears fairly started from his eyes. 'Now this is ridiculous,' resumed he. 'In my days, in my younger days I mean, a man could part with his foreman as easily as he could take off his glove. I am sure my master would as soon have thought of turning bankrupt as of shedding a tear at parting with me; and yet I was as good a foreman, in my day, as another. Not so good a one as you are, to be sure. But it is no time now to think of your goodness. Well! what do we stand here for? When a thing is to be done, the sooner it is done the better. Shake hands, before you go.'

Mr. Cleghorn put into James's hand a fifty pound note, and a letter of recommendation to a Liverpool merchant. James left the house without taking leave of Miss Cleghorn, who did not think the worse of him for his want of gallantry.

His master had taken care to recommend him to an excellent house in Liverpool, where his salary would be nearly double that which he had hitherto received; but James was notwithstanding very sorry to leave Monmouth, where his dear brother, sister, and father lived,—to say nothing of Miss Cleghorn.

Late at night, James was going to the inn at which the Liverpool stage set up, where he was to sleep: as he passed through a street that leads down to the river Wye, he heard a great noise of men quarrelling violently. The moon shone bright, and he saw a party of men who appeared to be fighting in a boat that was just come to shore. He asked a person who came out of the public-house, and who seemed to have nothing to do with the fray, what was the matter? 'Only some smugglers who are quarrelling with one another about the division of their booty,' said the passenger, who walked on, eager to get out of their way. James also quickened his pace, but presently

heard the cry of 'Murder! murder! Help! help!" and then all was silence.

A few seconds afterwards, he thought that he heard groans. He could not forbear going to the spot from whence the groans proceeded, in hopes of being of some service to a fellow-creature. By the time he got thither, the groans had ceased: he looked about, but could only see the men in the boat, who were rowing fast down the river. As he stood on the shore listening, he for some minutes heard no sound but that of their oars; but afterward a man in the boat exclaimed, with a terrible oath, 'There he is! There he is! All alive again! We have not done his business! D—n it, he'll do ours!' The boatmen rowed faster away, and James again heard the groans; though they were now much feebler than before. He searched, and found the wounded man; who, having been thrown overboard, had with great difficulty swum to shore, and fainted with the exertion as soon as he reached the land. When he

came to his senses, he begged James, for mercy's sake, to carry him into the next public-house, and to send for a surgeon to dress his wounds. The surgeon came, examined them, and declared his fears that the poor man could not live four and and twenty hours. As soon as he was able to speak intelligibly, he said he had been drinking with a party of smugglers, who had just brought in some fresh brandy, and that they had quarrelled violently about a keg of contraband liquor: he said that he could swear to the man who gave him the mortal wound.

The smugglers were pursued immediately, and taken. When they were brought into the sick man's room, James beheld amongst them three persons whom he little expected to meet in such a situation: Idle Isaac, Wild Will, and Bullying Bob. The wounded man swore positively to their persons. Bullying Bob was the person who gave him the fatal blow; but Wild Will began the assault, and Idle Isaac shoved him overboard: they

were all implicated in the guilt; and, instead of expressing any contrition for their crime, began to dispute about which was most to blame: they appealed to James; and, as he would be supœned on their trial, each endeavoured to engage him in their favour. Idle Isaac took him aside, and said to him, 'You have no reason to befriend my brothers. I can tell you a secret: they are the greatest enemies your family ever had. It was they who set fire to your father's hay-rick. Will was provoked by your sister Fanny's refusing him; so he determined, as he told me, to carry her off; and he meant to have done so, in the confusion that was caused by the fire; but Bob and he quarrelled the very hour that she was to have been carried off; so that part of the scheme failed. Now I had no hand in all this, being fast asleep in my bed: so I have more claim to your good word, at any rate, than my brothers can have; and so, when we come to trial, I hope you'll speak to my character.'

Wild Will next tried his eloquence. As soon as he found that his brother Isaac had betrayed the secret, he went to James and assured him the mischief that had been done was a mere accident; that it was true he had intended, for the frolic's sake, to raise a cry of fire, in order to draw Fanny out of the house; but that he was shocked when he found how the jest ended.

As to Bullying Bob, he brazened the matter out; declaring he had been affronted by the Franklands, and that he was glad he had taken his revenge of them; that, if the thing was to be done over again, he would do it; that James might give him what character he pleased upon trial, for that a man could be hanged but once.

Such were the absurd bravadoing speeches he made, whilst he had an ale-house audience round him, to admire his spirit; but a few hours changed his tone. He and his brothers were taken before a

magistrate. Till the committal was actually made out, they had hopes of being bailed: they had dispatched a messenger to Admiral Tipsey, whose men they called themselves, and expected he would offer bail for them to any amount; but the bail of their friend Admiral Tipsey was not deemed sufficient by the magistrate.

'In the first place, I could not bail these men; and if I could, do you think it possible,' said the magistrate, 'I could take the bail of such a man as that?'

'I understood that he was worth a deal of money,' whispered James.

'You are mistaken, Sir,' said the magistrate; 'he is, what he deserves to be, a ruined man. I have good reasons for knowing this. He has a nephew, a Mr. Raikes, who is a gamester: whilst the uncle has been carrying on the smuggling trade here, at the hazard of his life, the nephew, who was bred up at Oxford to be a fine gentleman, has gamed away all the money his uncle has made, during

twenty years, by his contraband traffic. At the long run, these fellows never thrive. Tipsey is not worth a groat.'

James was much surprised by this information; and resolved to return immediately to Mr. Cleghorn, to tell him what he had heard, and put him on his guard.

Early in the morning he went to his house—'You look as if you were not pleased to see me again,' said he to Mr. Cleghorn; 'and perhaps you will impute what I am going to say to bad motives; but my regard for you, Sir, determines me to acquaint you with what I have heard: you will make what use of the information you please.'

James then related what had passed at the magistrate's; and, when Mr. Cleghorn had heard all that James had to say, he thanked him in the strongest manner for this instance of his regard; and begged he would remain in Monmouth a few days longer.

Alarmed by the information he received from James, Mr. Cleghorn privately

made enquiries concerning young Raikes and his uncle. The distress into which the young man had plunged himself, by gambling, had been kept a profound secret from his relations. It was easy to deceive them, as to his conduct, because his time had been spent at a distance from them: he was but just returned home, after *completing his education.*

The magistrate, from whom James first heard of his extravagance, happened to have a son at Oxford, who gave him this intelligence: he confirmed all he had said to Mr. Cleghorn, who trembled at the danger to which he had exposed his daughter. The match with young Raikes was immediately broken off; and all connexion with admiral Tipsey and the smugglers was for ever dissolved, by Mr. Cleghorn.

His gratitude to James was expressed with all the natural warmth of his character. 'Come back and live with me,' said he, 'you have saved me and my daughter from ruin. You shall not be

my shopman any longer, you shall be my partner: and, you know, when you are my partner, there can be nothing said against your thinking of my daughter. But all in good time. I would not have seen the girl again, if she had married my shopman; but my partner will be quite another thing. You have worked your way up in the world by your own deserts; and I give you joy. I believe, now it's over, it would have gone nigh to break my heart to part with you; but you must be sensible I was right to keep up my [redacted] authority in my own family. Now things are changed: I give my consent: nobody has a right to say a word. When I am pleased with my daughter's choice, that is enough. There's only one thing that goes against my pride. — Your father—'

'Oh, Sir!' interrupted James, 'if you are going to say any thing disrespectful of my father, do not say it to me; I beseech you, do not; for I cannot bear it. Indeed

I cannot, and will not. He is the best of fathers!'

'I am sure he has the best of children; and a greater blessing there cannot be in this world. I was not going to say any thing disrespectful of him: I was only going to lament that he should be in an Alms-house,' said Mr. Cleghorn.

'He has determined to remain there,' said James, 'till his children have earned money enough to support him, without hurting themselves. I, my brother, and both my sisters, are to meet at the alms-house on the first day of next month, which is my father's birth-day; then we shall join all our earnings together, and see what can be done.'

'Remember, you are my partner,' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'On that day you must take me along with you. My good will is part of your earnings, and my good will shall never be shewn merely in words.'

CHAPTER X.

No Selfishness can be more odious than that of Legacy-Hunters.

It is now time to give some account of the Bettesworth family: The history of their indolence, extravagance, quarrels, and ruin, shall be given as shortly as possible.

The fortune left to them by Captain Bettesworth was nearly twenty thousand pounds. When they got possession of this sum, they thought it could never be spent; and each individual of the family had separate plans of extravagance, for which they required separate supplies. Old Bettesworth, in his youth, had seen a house of Squire Somebody's, which had struck his imagination; and he resolved he would build just such another. This was his favourite scheme, and he was delighted with the thoughts that it would be realised. His wife and his sons opposed the plan, merely because it was his;

and consequently he became more obstinately bent upon having his own way, as he said, for once in his life. He was totally ignorant of building; and no less incapable, from his habitual indolence, of managing workmen: the house might have been finished for one thousand five hundred pounds; it cost him two thousand pounds: and when it was done, the roof let in the rain in sundry places, the new ceilings and cornices were damaged, so that repairs and a new roof, with leaden gutters, and leaden statues, cost him some additional hundreds. The furnishing of the house Mrs. Bettesworth took upon herself; and Saucy Sally *took upon herself* to find fault with every article that her mother bought. The quarrels were loud, bitter, and at last irreconcilable. There was a looking-glass, which the mother wanted to have in one room, and the daughter insisted upon putting it in another: the looking-glass was broken between them in the heat of battle. The blame was laid on Sally; who, in a rage,

declared she would not and could not live in the house with her mother. Her mother was rejoiced to get rid of her, and she went to live with a lieutenant's lady, in the neighbourhood, with whom she had been acquainted three weeks and two days. Half by scolding, half by cajoling her father, she prevailed upon him to give her two thousand pound for her fortune; promising never to trouble him any more for any thing.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Bettesworth gave a house warming, as she called it, to all her acquaintance. A dinner, a ball, and a supper in her new house. The house was not half dry; and all the company caught cold. Mrs. Bettesworth's cold was the most severe. It happened, at this time, to be the fashion to go almost without clothes; and as this lady was extremely vain and fond of dress, she would absolutely appear in the height of fashion. The Sunday after her ball, whilst she had still the remains of a bad cold, she positively would go to church, equipped in

one petticoat, and a thin muslin gown, that she might look as young as her daughter Jesse. Every body laughed, and Jesse laughed more than any one else: but, in the end, it was no laughing matter; Mrs. Bettesworth "caught her death of cold." She was confined to her bed on Monday, and was buried the next Sunday.

Jesse, who had a great notion that she should marry a lord, if she could but once get into company with one, went to live with blind Mrs. Cheviott; where, according to her mother's instructions, "she laid herself out for goodness." She also took two thousand pounds with her, upon her promise never to trouble her father more.

Her brothers perceived how much was to be gained, by tormenting a father, who gave from weakness, and not from a sense of justice, or a feeling of kindness; and they soon rendered themselves so troublesome that he was obliged to buy off their reproaches. Idle Isaac was a sportsman, and would needs have a pack of hounds: they cost him two hundred a year. Then he

would have race-horses; and by them he soon lost some thousands. He was arrested for the money, and his father was forced to pay it.

Bullying Bob, and Wild Will soon afterwards began to think, "it was very hard that so much was to be done for Isaac, and nothing for them!"

Wild Will kept a mistress; and Bullying Bob was a cock-fighter: their demands for money were frequent, and unconscionable; and their continual plea was, 'why Isaac lost thousands by his race-horses; and why should not we have our share?'

The mistress and the cockpit had their share; and the poor old father, at last, had only one thousand left. He told his sons this, with tears in his eyes: 'I shall die in a jail, after all!' said he. They listened not to what he said; for they were intent upon the bank-notes of this last thousand, which were spread upon the table before him. Wild Will, half in jest half in earnest, snatched up a parcel of the notes; and Bullying Bob insisted on

dividing the treasure. Will fled out of the house; Bob pursued him, and they fought at the end of their own avenue.

This was on the day that Frankland and his family were returning from poor George's funeral, and saw the battle betwixt the brothers. They were shamed into a temporary reconciliation, and soon afterwards united against their father; whom they represented to all the neighbours as the most cruel and the most avaricious of men, because he would not part with the very means of subsistence to supply their profligacy.

Whilst their minds were in this state, Will happened to become acquainted with a set of smugglers, whose disorderly life struck his fancy. He persuaded his brothers to leave home, with him, and to list in the service of Admiral Tipsey. Their manners then became more brutal; and they thought, felt, and lived like men of desperate fortunes. The consequence we have seen. In a quarrel about a keg of brandy at an ale-house, their passions

got the better of them, and, on entering their boat, they committed the offence for which they were now imprisoned.

Mr. Barlow was the attorney to whom they applied, and they endeavoured to engage him to manage their cause on their trial, but he absolutely refused. From the moment he heard from James that Wild Will and Bullying Bob were the persons who set fire to Frankland's hay-stack, he urged Frank to prosecute them for this crime. 'When you only suspected them, my dear Frank, I strongly dissuaded you from going to law; but, now, you cannot fail to succeed, and you will recover ample damages.'

'That is impossible, my dear Sir,' replied Frank, 'for the Bettesworths, I understand, are ruined.'

'I am sorry for that, on your acount; but I still think you ought to carry on this prosecution, for the sake of public justice. Such pests of society should not go unpunished,'

'They will probably be punished suf-

ficiently for this unfortunate assault; for which they are now to stand their trial. I cannot, in their distress, revenge either my own or my father's wrongs. I am sure he would be sorry if I did; for I have often and often heard him say, "Never trample upon the fallen."

'You are a good, generous young man,' cried Mr. Barlow; 'and no wonder you love the father who inspired you with such sentiments, and taught you such principles. But what a shame it is that such a father should be in an alms-house! You say he will not consent to be dependent upon any one; and that he will not accept of relief from any but his own children. This is pride: but it is an honourable species of pride; fit for an English yeoman. I cannot blame it. But, my dear Frank, tell your father he must accept of your friend's credit, as well as of yours. Your credit with me is such that you may draw upon me for five hundred pounds, whenever you please. No thanks, my boy: half the money I owe you for

your services as my clerk; and the other half is well secured to me, by the certainty of your future diligence and success in business. You will be able to pay me in a year or two; so I put you under no obligation, remember. I will take your bond for half the money, if that will satisfy you and your proud father.'

The manner in which this favour was conferred touched Frank to the heart. He had a heart, which could be strongly moved by kindness. He was beginning to express his gratitude, when Mr. Barlow interrupted him with 'Come, come! Why do we waste our time here, talking sentiment, when we ought to be writing law? Here is work to be done, which requires some expedition: a marriage settlement to be drawn. Guess for whom.'

Frank guessed all the probable matches amongst his Monmouth acquaintance; but he was rather surprised when told that the bridegroom was to be young Mr. Folingsby; as it was scarcely two months

since this gentleman was in love with Fanny Frankland. Frank proceeded to draw the settlement.

Whilst he and Mr. Barlow were writing, they were interruped by the entrance of Mr. Josiah Crumpe. He came to announce Mrs. Crumpe's death, and to request Mr. Barlow's attendance at the opening of her will. This poor lady had lingered out many months longer than it was thought she could possibly live; and, during all her sufferings, Patty, with indefatigable goodness and temper, bore with the caprice and peevishness of disease. Those, who thought she acted merely from interested motives, expected to find she had used her power over her mistress's mind entirely for her own advantage: they were certain a great part of the fortune would be left to her. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were so persuaded of this that, when they were assembled to hear her will read by Mr. Barlow, they began to say to one another in whispers, "We'll set the will aside; we'll bring her

into the courts. Mrs. Crumpe was not in her right senses when she made this will. She had received two paralytic strokes: we can prove that: we can set aside the will.'

Mr. Josiah Crumpe was not one of these whisperers; he sat apart from them, leaning on his oaken stick in silence.

Mr. Barlow broke the seals of the will opened it, and read it, to the eager company. They were much astonished when they found that the whole fortune was left to Mr. Josiah Crumpe. The reason for this bequest was given in these words:

"Mr. Josiah Crumpe, being the only one of my relations who did not torment me for my money, even upon my death-bed, I trust that he will provide suitably for that excellent girl, Patty Frankland. On this head he knows my wishes. By her own desire, I have not myself left her any thing; I have only bequeathed fifty pounds for the use of her father."

Mr. Josiah Crumpe was the only person who heard unmoved the bequest that was

made to him: the rest of the relations were clamorous in their reproaches, or hypocritical in their congratulations. All thoughts of setting aside the will were, however, abandoned; every legal form had been observed, and with a technical nicety that precluded all hopes of successful litigation.

Mr. Crumpe arose, as soon as the tumult of disappointment had somewhat subsided, and counted with his oaken stick the numbers that were present. 'Here are ten of you, I think. Well! you every soul of you hate me: but that is nothing to the purpose. I shall keep up to the notion I have of the character of a true British merchant, for my own sake—not for yours. I don't want this woman's money; I have enough of my own, and of my own honest making, without legacy-hunting. Why did you torment the dying woman? You would have been better off, if you had behaved better: but that's over now. A thousand pound a piece you shall have from

me, deducting fifty pounds; which you must each of you give to that excellent girl, Patty Frankland. I am sure you must be all sensible of your injustice to her.'

Fully aware that it was their interest to oblige Mr. Crumpe, they now vied with each other in doing justice to Patty. Some even declared they had never had any suspicions of her; and others laid the blame on the false representations, and information, which they said they had received from the mischief-making Mrs. Martha. They most willingly accepted of a thousand pounds a piece; and the fifty pound deduction was paid as a tax by each to Patty's merit.

Mistress now of five hundred pounds, she exclaimed, 'Oh, my dear father! You shall no longer live in an alms-house! To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life! I don't know how to thank you as I ought, Sir,' continued she, turning to her benefactor.

'You have thanked me as you ought,

and as I like best,' said this plain spoken merchant, and now let us say no more about it.'

CHAPTER XI.

No Pleasure can exceed the general Applause which the Wise and Good bestow.

IN obedience to Mr. Crumpe's commands, Patty said no more to him; but she was impatient to tell her brother, Frank, and her lover, Mr. Mason, of her good fortune: she therefore returned to Monmouth with Mr. Barlow, in hopes of seeing them immediately.

'You will find your brother,' said Mr. Barlow, 'very busy looking over parchments, in order to draw a marriage settlement. You must keep your good news till he has done his business, or he will make as many blunders as our friend Mason once made, in the preamble of Mrs. Crumpe's will. I believe I must forbid you, Patty Frankland,' continued

Mr. Barlow, smiling, 'to come near my clerks, for I find they always make mistakes, when you are within twenty yards of them.'

Frank was not at work at the marriage settlements. Soon after Mr. Barlow left him, he was summoned to attend the trial of the Betteswortbs.

These unfortunate young men, depending on Frank's good nature, well knowing he had refused to prosecute them for setting fire to his father's hay-rick, thought they might venture to call upon him to give them a good character. 'Consider, dear Frank,' said Will Bettesworth, 'a good word from one of your character might do a great deal for us. You were so many years our neighbour! If you would only just say that we were never counted wild, idle, quarrelsome fellows, to your knowledge. Will you?'

'How can I do that?' said Frank: 'or how could I be believed, if I did, when it is so well known in the country—forgive me; at such a time as this I cannot mean

to taunt you——but it is well known in the country that you were called Wild Will, Bullying Bob, and Idle Isaac.'

There's the rub!' said the attorney, who was employed for the Betteswoths. 'This will come out in open court; and the judge and jury will think a great deal of it.'

'Oh, Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank,' cried old Bettesworth, 'have pity upon us! Speak in favour of these boys of mine! Think what a disgrace it is to me, in my old age, to have my sons brought this way to a public trial! And if they should be transported! Oh, Frank, say what you can for them! You were always a good young man; and a good-natured young man.'

Frank was moved by the entreaties and tears of this unhappy father; but his good-nature could not make him consent to say what he knew to be false. 'Do not call me to speak to their characters upon this trial,' said he. 'I cannot say any thing that would serve them: I shall do them more harm than good.'

Still they had hopes his good-nature would, at the last moment, prevail over his sense of justice, and they summoned him.

'Well, Sir,' said Bettesworths' counsel: 'You appear in favour of the prisoners. You have known them, I understand, from their childhood; and your own character is such that whatever you say, in their favour, will doubtless make a weighty impression upon the jury.'

The court was silent, in expectation of what Frank should say. He was so much embarrassed, betwixt his wish to serve his old neighbours and play-fellows, and his dread of saying what he knew to be false, that he could not utter a syllable. He burst into tears*.

'This evidence is most strongly against the prisoners,' whispered a juryman to his fellows.

The verdict was brought in at last— Guilty!—Sentence—transportation.

As the judge was pronouncing this sentence, old Bettesworth was carried out of

* This is drawn from real life.

the court: he had dropped senseless. Ill as his sons had behaved to him, he could not sustain the sight of their utter disgrace and ruin.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself sitting on the stone bench before the court-house, supported by Frank. Many of the town's-people had gathered round; but, regardless of every thing but his own feelings, the wretched father exclaimed, in a voice of despair, 'I have no children left me in my old age! My sons are gone! And where are my daughters? At such a time as this, why are not they near their poor old father? Have they no touch of natural affection in them? No! They have none. And why should they have any for me? I took no care of them, when they were young: no wonder they take none of me, now I am old. Aye! Neighbour Frankland was right: he brought up his children 'in the way they should go.' Now he has the credit and the comfort of them; and see what mine are come to! They bring

their father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

The old man wept bitterly: then, looking round him, he again asked for his daughters. 'Surely they are in the town, and it cannot be much trouble to them to come to me! Even these strangers, who have never seen me before, pity me. But *my own* have no feeling; no, not for one another! Do these girls know the sentence that has been passed upon their brothers? Where are they? Where are they? Jesse, at least, might be near me at such a time as this! I was always an indulgent father to Jesse.'

There were people present who knew what was become of Jesse; but they would not tell the news to her father at this terrible moment. Two of Mrs. Cheviott's servants were in the crowd; and one of them whispered to Frank, 'You had best, Sir, prevail on this poor old man to go to his home, and not to ask for his daughter: he will hear the bad news soon enough.'

Frank persuaded the father to go home to his lodgings; and did every thing in his power to comfort him. But, alas! the old man said, too truly, 'There is no happiness left for me in this world! What a curse it is to have bad children! My children have broken my heart! And it is all my own fault: I took no care of them when they were young; and they take no care of me now I am old. But, tell me, have you found out what is become of my daughters?'

Frank evaded the question, and begged the old man to rest in peace this night. He seemed quite exhausted by grief, and at last sunk into a sort of stupefaction: it could hardly be called sleep. Frank was obliged to return home, to proceed with his business for Mr. Barlow; and he was glad to escape from the sight of misery which, however he might pity it, he could not relieve.

It was happy indeed for Frank that he had taken his father's advice, and had early broken off all connection with Jilt-

ing Jesse. After duping others, she at length had become a greater dupe. She had this morning gone off with a common serjeant, with whom she had fallen suddenly and desperately in love. He cared for nothing but her two thousand pounds; and, to complete her misfortune, was a man of bad character, whose extravagance and profligacy had reduced him to the sad alternative of either marrying for money or going to jail.

As for Sally, she was at this instant far from all thoughts either of her father or her brothers: she was in the heat of a scolding match, which terminated rather unfortunately for her matrimonial schemes. Ensign Bloomington had reproached her with having forced him into his aunt's room, when she had absolutely refused to see him, and thus was the cause that he had lost a handsome legacy. Irritated by this charge, the lady replied in no very gentle terms. Words ran high; and so high at last that the gentleman finished by swearing he would sooner marry the devil than such a vixen!

The match was thus broken off, to the great amusement of all Saucy Sally's acquaintance. Her ill humour had made her hated by all the neighbours; so that her disappointment, at the loss of the ensign, was embittered by their malicious raillery, and by the prophecy, which she heard more than whispered from all sides, that she would never have another admirer, either for "love or money."

Ensign Bloomington was deaf to all overtures of peace; he was rejoiced to escape from this virago; and, as we presume that none of our readers are much interested in her fate, we shall leave her to wear the willow, without following her history farther.

Let us return to Mr. Barlow, whom we left looking over Mr. Folingsby's marriage settlements. When he had seen that they were rightly drawn, he sent Frank with them to Folingsby-Hall.

Mr. Folingsby was alone when Frank arrived. 'Sit down if you please, Sir,' said he. 'Though I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before, your name

is well known to me. You are a brother of Fanny Frankland's. She is a charming and excellent young woman! You have reason to be proud of your sister, and I have reason to be obliged to her.'

He then adverted to what had formerly passed between them, at Mrs. Hungerford's; and concluded by saying it would give him real satisfaction to do any service to him or his family. 'Speak, and tell me what I can do for you.'

Frank looked down, and was silent; for he thought Mr. Folingsby must recollect the injustice that he, or his agent, had shown in turning old Frankland out of his farm. He was too proud to ask favours, where he felt he had a claim to justice.

In fact, Mr. Folingsby had, as he said, "left every thing to his agent;" and so little did he know either of the affairs of his tenants, their persons, or even their names, that he had not at this moment the slightest idea that Frank was the son to one of the oldest and the best of them.

He did not know that old Frankland had been reduced to take refuge in an almshouse, in consequence of his agent's injustice. Surprised by Frank's cold silence, he questioned him more closely, and it was with astonishment and shame that he heard the truth.

'Good heavens!' cried he, 'has my negligence been the cause of all this misery to your father? To the father of Fanny Frankland! I remember, now that you recal it to my mind, something of an old man, with fine grey hair, coming to speak to me about some business, just as I was setting off for Ascott races. Was that your father? I recollect I told him I was in a great hurry; and that Mr. Deal, my agent, would certainly do him justice. In this I was grossly mistaken; and I have suffered severely for the confidence I had in that fellow. Thank God, I shall now have my affairs in my own hands. I am determined to look into them immediately. My head is no longer full of horses, and gigs, and curricles. There is a time for

every thing: my giddy days are over. I only wish that my thoughtlessness had never hurt any one but myself.

'All I can now do,' continued Mr. Folingsby, 'is to make amends, as fast as possible, for the past. To begin with your father: most fortunately, I have the means in my power. His farm is come back into my hands; and it shall to-morrow, be restored to him. Old Bettesworth was with me, scarcely an hour ago, to surrender the farm, on which there is a prodigious arrear of rent: but I understand that he has built a good house on the farm; and I am extremely glad of it, for your father's sake. Tell him it shall be his. Tell him I am ready, I am eager, to put him in possession of it; and to repair the injustice I have done, or which, at least, I have permitted to be done, in my name.'

Frank was so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter one word of thanks. In his way home, he called at Mrs. Hungerford's to tell the good news to his sister Fanny. This was the eve of their father's birth-

day; and they agreed to meet at the alms-house in the morning.

The happy morning came. Old Frankland was busy, in his little garden, when he heard the voices of his children, who were coming towards him. 'Fanny! Patty! James! Frank! Welcome, my children! Welcome! I knew you would be so kind as to come to see your old father on this day; so I was picking some of my currants for you, to make you as welcome as I can. But I wonder you are not ashamed to come to see me in an alms-house. Such gay lads and lasses! I well know I have reason to be proud of you all. Why, I think, I never saw you, one and all, look so well in my whole life!'

'Perhaps, father,' said Frank, 'because you never saw us, one and all, so happy! Will you sit down, dear father, here in your arbour; and we will all sit upon the grass, at your feet, and each tell you our stories, and all the good news.'

'My children,' said he, 'do what you will with me! It makes my old heart

swim with joy to see you all again around me looking so happy.'

The father sat down in his arbour, and his children placed themselves at his feet. First his daughter Patty spoke; and then Fanny; then James; and at last Frank. When they had all told their little histories, they offered to their father in one purse their common riches: the rewards of their own good conduct.

'My boloved children!' said Frankland, overpowered with his tears, 'this is too much joy for me! this is the happiest moment of my life! None, but the father of such children, can know what I feel! Your success in the world delights me ten times the more, because I know it is all owing to yourselves.'

'Oh no, my dear father!' cried they with one accord. 'No, dear dear father; our success is all owing to you! Every thing we have is owing to you; to the care you took of us, from our infancy upward. If you had not watched for our welfare, and taught us so well, we should

not now all be so happy!—Poor Bettesworth!'

Here they were interrupted by Hannah, the faithful maid-servant, who had always lived with old Frankland. She came running down the garden so fast that, when she reached the arbour, she was so much out of breath she could not speak. 'Dear heart! God bless you all!' cried she, as soon as she recovered breath. 'But it is no time to be sitting here. Come in, Sir, for mercy's sake,' said she, addressing herself to her old master. 'Come in to be ready; come in all of you to be ready!'

'Ready! Ready for what?'

'Oh! ready for fine things! Fine doings. Only come in, and I'll tell you as we go along. How I have torn all my hand, with this gooseberry-bush: but no matter for that. So then you have not heard a word of what is going on? No, how could you? And you did not miss me, when you first came into the house?'

'Forgive us for that, good Hannah:

we were in such a hurry to see my father, we thought of nothing and nobody else.'

'Very natural. Well, Miss Fanny, I've been up at the great house, with your lady, Mrs. Hungerford. A better lady cannot be! Do you know, she sent for me, on purpose to speak to me; and I know things that you are not to know yet. But, this much I may tell you, there's a carriage coming here, to carry my master away to his new house; and there's horses, and side saddles beside, for you, and you, and you, and I. And Mrs. Hungerford is coming in her own coach; and young Mr. Folingsby is coming in his carriage; and Mr. Barlow in Mr. Jos. Crumpe's carriage; and Mr. Cleghorn, and his pretty daughter, in the gig; and—and—and heaps of carriages besides! Friends of Mrs. Hungerford's: and there's such crowds gathering in the streets; and I'm going on to get breakfast.'

'Oh, my dear father,' cried Frank, 'make haste, and take off this badge-coat before they come! We have brought proper clothes for you.'

Frank pulled off the badge-coat, as he called it, and flung it from him, saying, 'My father shall never wear you more.'

Fanny had just tied on her father's clean neck-cloth, and Patty had smoothed his reverend gray locks; when the sound of the carriages was heard. All that Hannah had told them was true. Mrs. Hungerford had engaged all her friends, and all who were acquainted with the good conduct of the Franklands, to attend her on this joyful occasion.

'Triumphal cavalcades and processions,' said she, 'are in general foolish things: mere gratifications of vanity: but this is not in honour of vanity, but in honour of virtue. We shall do good in the country, by shewing that we respect and admire it, in whatever station it is to be found. Here is a whole family, who have conducted themselves uncommonly well; who have exerted themselves to relieve their aged father from a situation to which he was reduced without any fault, or imprudence, of his own. Their exertions have succeeded. Let us give

them, what they will value more than money, SYMPATHY.'

Convinced, or persuaded, by what Mrs. Hungerford said, all her friends and acquaintance attended her, this morning, to the alms-house. Crowds of people followed; and old Frankland was carried in triumph by his children to his new habitation.

The happy father lived many years to enjoy the encreasing prosperity of his family.*

May every good father have as grateful children.

* It may be necessary to inform some readers that Patty and Fanny were soon united to their lovers; that James, with Mr. Cleghorn's consent, married Miss Cleghorn; and that Frank did not become an old batchelor: he married an amiable girl, who was ten times prettier than Jilting Jesse, and of whom he was twenty times as fond. Those, who wish to know the history of all the wedding clothes of the parties, may have their curiosity gratified by directing a line of enquiry, post paid, to the editor hereof.

May, 1801.

The GRATEFUL NEGRO.

THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

IN the island of Jamaica, there lived two planters; whose methods of managing their slaves were as different as possible. Mr. Jefferies considered the negroes as an inferior species, incapable of gratitude, disposed to treachery, and to be roused from their natural indolence only by force: he treated his slaves, or rather suffered his overseer to treat them, with the greatest severity.

Jefferies was not a man of a cruel, but of a thoughtless and extravagant temper. He was of such a sanguine disposition that he always calculated upon having a fine season, and fine crops on his plantation; and never had the prudence to make allowance for unfortunate acci-

dents: he required, as he said, from his overseer, produce and not excuses.

Durant, the overseer, did not scruple to use the most* cruel and barbarous methods of forcing the slaves to exertions beyond their strength. Complaints of his brutality, from time to time, reached his master's ears; but, though Mr. Jefferies was moved to momentary compassion, he shut his heart against conviction: he hurried away to the jovial banquet, and drowned all painful reflections in wine.

He was this year much in debt; and, therefore, being more than usually anxious about his crop, he pressed his overseer to exert himself to the utmost.

The wretched slaves, upon his plantation, thought themselves still more unfortunate, when they compared their condi-

* The Negro Slaves.—A fine drama, by Kotzebue. It is to be hoped that such horrible instances of cruelty are not now to be found in nature. Bryan Edwards, in his History of Jamaica, says that most of the Planters are humane; but he allows that some facts can be cited in contradiction of this assertion.

tion with that of the negroes on the estate of Mr. Edwards. This gentleman treated his slaves with all possible humanity and kindness. He wished that there was no such thing as slavery in the world; but he was convinced, by the arguments of those who have the best means of obtaining information, that the sudden emancipation of the negroes would rather encrease than diminish their miseries. His benevolence therefore confined itself within the bounds of reason. He adopted those plans, for the amelioration of the state of the slaves, which appeared to him the most likely to succeed without producing any violent agitation, or revolution*. For instance, his negroes had reasonable and fixed daily tasks; and, when these were finished, they were permitted to employ their time for their own advantage, or amusement. If they chose to employ themselves longer for their master, they were paid regular wages for their extra

* History of the West Indies, from which these ideas are adopted—not stolen.

work. This reward, for as such it was considered, operated most powerfully upon the slaves. Those who are animated by hope can perform what would seem impossibilities, to those who are under the depressing influence of fear. The wages, which Mr. Edwards promised, he took care to see punctually paid.

He had an excellent overseer, of the name of Abraham Bayley; a man of a mild but steady temper, who was attached not only to his masters interests but to his virtues; and who therefore was more intent upon seconding his humane views, than upon squeezing from the labour of the negroes the utmost produce. Each negro had, near his cottage, a portion of land, called his provision ground; and one day in the week was allowed for its cultivation.

It is common in Jamaica for the slaves to have provision grounds, which they cultivate for their own advantage; but it too often happens that, when a good negro has successfully improved his little

spot of land, when he has built himself a house, and begins to enjoy the fruits of his industry, his acquired property is seized upon by the sheriff's officer for the payment of his master's debts :* he is forcibly separated from his wife and children, dragged to public auction, purchased by a stranger, and perhaps sent to terminate his miserable existence in the mines of Mexico: excluded for ever from the light of heaven! and all this without any crime or imprudence on his part, real or pretended. He is punished because his master is unfortunate.

To this barbarous injustice the negroes on Mr. Edwards's plantation were never exposed. He never exceeded his income; he engaged in no wild speculations; he contracted no debts; and his slaves, therefore, were in no danger of being seized by a sheriff's officer: their property

* See an eloquent and pathetic passage on this subject in the History of the West Indies, v. ii. p. 153, second edition.

was secured to them by the prudence as well as by the generosity of their master.

One morning, as Mr. Edwards was walking in that part of his plantation which joined to Mr. Jefferies' estate, he thought he heard the voice of distress, at some distance. The lamentations grew louder and louder as he approached a cottage, which stood upon the borders of Jefferies' plantation.

This cottage belonged to a slave of the name of Cæsar, the best negro in Mr. Jefferies' possession. Such had been his industry and exertion that, notwithstanding the severe tasks imposed by Durant, the overseer, Cæsar found means to cultivate his provision ground to a degree of perfection, no where else to be seen, on this estate. Mr. Edwards had often admired this poor fellow's industry; and now hastened to enquire what misfortune had befallen him.

When he came to the cottage, he found Cæsar standing with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. A young

and beautiful female negro was weeping bitterly, as she knelt at the feet of Durant, the overseer, who, regarding her with a sullen aspect, repeated, 'He must go. I tell you, woman, he must go. What signifies all this nonsense?'

At the sight of Mr. Edwards, the overseer's countenance suddenly changed, and assumed an air of obsequious civility. The poor woman retired to the farther corner of the cottage, and continued to weep. Cæsar never moved. 'Nothing is the matter, Sir,' said Durant, 'but that Cæsar is going to be sold. That is what the woman is crying for. They were to be married; but we'll find Clara another husband, I tell her; and she'll get the better of her grief, you know, Sir, as I tell her, in time.'

'Never! never!' said Clara.

'To whom is Cæsar going to be sold; and for what sum?'

'For what can be got for him,' replied Durant, laughing; 'and to whoever will buy him. The sheriff's officer is here,

who has seized him for debt, and must make the most of him at market.'

'Poor fellow!' said Mr. Edwards; 'and must he leave this cottage which he has built, and these bananas which he has planted?'

Cæsar now, for the first time, looked up, and fixing his eyes upon Mr. Edwards for a moment, advanced with an intrepid rather than an imploring countenance, and said, 'Will you be my master? Will you be her master? Buy both of us. You shall not repent of it. Cæsar will serve you faithfully.'

On hearing these words, Clara sprang forwards; and, clasping her hands together, repeated, 'Cæsar will serve you faithfully.'

Mr. Edwards was moved by their entreaties, but he left them without declaring his intentions. He went immediately to Mr. Jefferies, whom he found stretched on a sofa, drinking coffee. As soon as Mr. Edwards mentioned the occasion of his visit, and expressed his sor-

row for Cæsar, Jefferies exclaimed, 'Yes, poor devil! I pity him from the bottom of my soul. But what can I do? I leave all those things to Durant. He says the sheriff's officer has seized him; and there's an end of the matter. You know money must be had. Besides, Cæsar is not worse off than any other slave sold for debt. What signifies talking about the matter, as if it was something that never happened before! Is not it a case that occurs every day in Jamaica?'

'So much the worse,' replied Mr. Edwards.

'The worse for them, to be sure,' said Jefferies. 'But, after all, they are slaves, and used to be treated as such; and they tell me the negroes are a thousand times happier here, with us, than they ever were in their own country.'

'Did the negroes tell you so themselves?'

'No; but people better informed than negroes have told me so; and, after all,

slaves there must be; for indigo, and rum, and sugar we must have.'

'Granting it to be physically impossible that the world should exist, without rum, sugar, and indigo, why could they not be produced by freemen, as well as by slaves? If we hired negroes for labourers, instead of purchasing them for slaves, do you think they would not work as well as they do now? Does any negro, under the fear of the overseer, work harder than a Birmingham journeyman, or a Newcastle collier; who toil for themselves and their families?'

'Of that I don't pretend to judge. All I know is that the West India planters would be ruined, if they had no slaves, and I am a West India planter.'

'So am I: yet I do not think they are the only people whose interest ought to be considered, in this business.'

'Their interests, luckily, are protected by the laws of the land; and, though they are rich men, and white men, and freemen, they have as good a claim to

their rights as the poorest black slave on any of our plantations.'

'The law, in our case, seems to make the right; and the very reverse ought to be done: the right should make the law.'

'Fortunately for us planters, we need not enter into such nice distinctions. You could not, if you would, abolish the trade. Slaves would be smuggled into the islands.'

'What, if nobody would buy them! You know that you cannot smuggle slaves into England. The instant a slave touches English ground, he becomes free. Glorious privilege! Why should it not be extended to all her dominions? If the future importation of slaves into these island were forbidden by law, the trade must cease. No man can either sell or possess slaves, without its being known: they cannot be smuggled like lace, or brandy.'

'Well, well!' retorted Jefferies, a little impatiently, 'as yet, the law is on our

side. I can do nothing in this business, nor you neither.'

'Yes, we can do something; we can endeavour to make our negroes as happy as possible.'

'I leave the management of these people to Durant.'

'That is the very thing of which they complain; forgive me for speaking to you with the frankness of an old acquaintance.'

'Oh, you can't oblige me more! I love frankness of all things! To tell you the truth, I have heard complaints of Durant's severity; but I make it a principle to turn a deaf ear to them, for I know nothing can be done with these fellows without it. You are partial to negroes; but even you must allow they are a race of beings naturally inferior to us. You may in vain think of managing a black as you would a white. Do what you please for a negro, he will cheat you the first opportunity he finds. You know what their maxim is: "God gives black men what white men forget."'

To these common place desultory ob-

servations, Mr. Edwards made no reply; but recurred to poor Cæsar, and offered to purchase both him and Clara, at the highest price the sheriff's officer could obtain for them at market. Mr. Jefferies, with the utmost politeness to his neighbour, but with the most perfect indifference to the happiness of those whom he considered of a different species from himself, acceded to this proposal. 'Nothing could be more reasonable,' he said, 'and he was happy to have it in his power to oblige a gentleman, for whom he had such a high esteem.'

The bargain was quickly concluded with the sheriff's officer; for Mr. Edwards willingly paid several dollars more than the marker price for the two slaves. When Cæsar and Clara heard that they were not to be separated, their joy and gratitude were expressd with all the ardour and tenderness peculiar to their different characters. Clara was an Eboe, Cæsar a Koromantyn Negro. The Eboes are soft, languishing, and timid. The

Koromantyns are frank, fearless, martial, and heroic.

Mr. Edwards carried his new slaves home with him, desired Bayley, his overseer, to mark out a provision-ground for Cæsar, and to give him a cottage, which happened at this time to be vacant.

'Now, my good friend,' said he to Cæsar, 'you may work for yourself, without fear that what you earn may be taken from you; or that you should ever be sold, to pay your master's debts. If he does not understand what I am saying,' continued Mr. Edwards, turning to his overseer, 'you will explain it to him.'

Cæsar perfectly understood all that Mr. Edwards said; but his feelings were at this instant so strong that he could not find expression for his gratitude: he stood like one stupified! Kindness was new to him; it overpowered his manly heart; and, at hearing the words "my good friend," the tears gushed from his eyes. Tears which no torture could have extorted! Gratitude swelled in his bosom; and he longed to

be alone, that he might freely yield to his emotions.

He was glad when the conch-shell sounded, to call the negroes to their daily labour, that he might relieve the sensations of his soul by bodily exertion. He performed his task in silence; and an inattentive observer might have thought him sullen.

In fact, he was impatient for the day to be over, that he might get rid of a heavy load which weighed upon his mind.

The cruelties practised by Durant, the overseer of Jefferies' plantation, had exasperated the slaves under his dominion.

They were all leagued together in a conspiracy, which was kept profoundly secret. Their object was to extirpate every white man, woman, and child in the island. Their plans were laid with consummate art; and the negroes were urged to execute them by all the courage of despair.

The confederacy extended to all the negroes in the island of Jamaica, except-

ing those on the plantation of Mr. Edwards. To them no hint of the dreadful secret had yet been given; their countrymen, knowing the attachment they felt to their master, dared not trust them with these projects of vengeance. Hector, the negro, who was at the head of the conspirators, was the particular friend of Cæsar, and had imparted to him all his designs. These friends were bound to each other by the strongest ties. Their slavery and their sufferings began in the same hour: they were both brought from their own country in the same ship. This circumstance alone forms, amongst the negroes, a bond of connexion not easily to be dissolved. But the friendship of Cæsar and Hector commenced even before they were united by the sympathy of misfortune; they were both of the same nation, both Koromantyns. In Africa, they had both been accustomed to command; for they had signalized themselves by superior fortitude and courage. They respected each other for excelling in all which they

had been taught to consider as virtuous; and with them revenge was a virtue!

Revenge was the ruling passion of Hector: in Cæsar's mind, it was rather a principle, instilled by education. The one considered it as a duty, the other felt it as a pleasure. Hector's sense of injury was acute in the extreme; he knew not how to forgive. Cæsar's sensibility was yet more alive to kindness than to insult. Hector would sacrifice his life, to extirpate an enemy. Cæsar would devote himself, for the defence of a friend; and Cæsar now considered a white man as his friend.

He was now placed in a painful situation. All his former friendships, all the solemn promises, by which he was bound to his companions in misfortune, forbade him to indulge that delightful feeling of gratitude and affection, which, for the first time, he experienced for one of that race of beings whom he had hitherto considered as detestable tyrants! objects of implacable and just revenge!

Cæsar was most impatient to have an

interview with Hector, that he might communicate his new sentiments, and dissuade him from those schemes of destruction which he meditated. At midnight, when all the slaves except himself were asleep, he left his cottage, and went to Jefferies' plantation, to the hut in which Hector slept. Even in his dreams, Hector breathed vengeance. "Spare none! Sons of Africa, Spare none!" were the words he uttered in his sleep, as Cæsar approached the mat on which he lay. The moon shone full upon him. Cæsar contemplated the countenance of his friend, fierce even in sleep. 'Spare none? Oh, yes! There is one that must be spared. There is one for whose sake all must be spared!'

He wakened Hector, by this exclamation: 'Of what were you dreaming?' said Cæsar.

'Of that which, sleeping or waking, fills my soul! Revenge! Why did you waken me from my dream? It was delightful! The whites were weltering in

their blood! But, silence! We may be overheard!'

'No; every one sleeps, but ourselves,' replied Cæsar. 'I could not sleep—without speaking to you on—a subject that weighs upon my mind. You have seen Mr. Edwards?'

'Yes. He that is now your master.'

'He that is now my benefactor! My friend!'

'Friend! Can you call a white man friend?' cried Hector, starting up with a look of astonishment and indignation!

'Yes;' replied Cæsar, with firmness, 'And you would speak, ay, and would feel, as I do, Hector, if you knew this white man! Oh, how unlike he is to all of his race, that we have ever seen! Do not turn from me with so much disdain! Hear me with patience, my friend!'

'I cannot,' replied Hector, 'listen with patience to one who, between the rising and the setting sun, can forget all his resolutions, all his promises! Who, by a few soft words, can be so wrought upon as to

forget all the insults, all the injuries he has received, from this accursed race; and can even call a white man friend!'

Cæsar, unmoved by Hector's anger, continued to speak of Mr. Edwards with the warmest expressions of gratitude; and finished by declaring he would sooner forfeit his life than rebel against such a master. He conjured Hector to desist from executing his designs; but all was in vain. Hector sat with his elbows fixed upon his knees, leaning his head upon his hands, in gloomy silence.

Cæsar's mind was divided, between love for his friend and gratitude to his master: the conflict was violent, and painful. Gratitude at last prevailed: he repeated his declaration, that he would rather die than continue in a conspiracy against his benefactor.

Hector refused to except him from the general doom. 'Betray us if you will!' cried he. 'Betray our secrets, to him whom you call your benefactor: to him who a few hours has made your friend!

To him sacrifice the friend of your youth, the companion of your better days, of your better self! Yes, Cæsar, deliver me over to the tormentors: I can endure more than they can inflict. I shall expire without a sigh, without a groan. Why do you linger here, Cæsar? Why do you hesitate? Hasten this moment to your master; claim your reward, for delivering into his power hundreds of your countrymen! Why do you hesitate? Away! The coward's friendship can be of use to none. Who can value his gratitude? Who can fear his revenge?"

Hector raised his voice so high, as he pronounced these words, that he wakened Durant, the overseer, who slept in the next house. They heard him call out suddenly, to enquire who was there; and Cæsar had but just time to make his escape, before Durant appeared. He searched Hector's cottage; but, finding no one, again retired to rest. This man's tyranny made him constantly suspicious: he dreaded that the slaves should combine

against him; and he endeavoured to prevent them, by every threat and every stratagem he could devise, from conversing with each other.

They had, however, taken their measures, hitherto, so secretly that he had not the slightest idea of the conspiracy which was forming in the island. Their schemes were not yet ripe for execution; but the appointed time approached. Hector, when he coolly reflected on what had passed between him and Cæsar, could not help admiring the frankness and courage with which he had avowed his change of sentiments. By this avowal, Cæsar had in fact exposed his own life to the most imminent danger, from the vengeance of the conspirators; who might be tempted to assassinate him who had their lives in his power. Notwithstanding the contempt with which, in the first moment of passion, he had treated his friend, he was extremely anxious that he should not break off all connection with the conspirators. He knew that Cæsar possessed

both intrepidity and eloquence; and that his opposition to their schemes would perhaps entirely frustrate their whole design. He therefore determined to use every possible means to bend him to their purposes.

He resolved to have recourse to one of those persons* who, amongst the negroes,

* The enlightened inhabitants of Europe may, perhaps, smile at the superstitious credulity of the negroes, who regard those ignorant beings, called *Obeah* people, with the most profound respect and dread; who believe that they hold in their hands the power of good and evil fortune, of health and sickness, of life and death. The instances which are related of their power, over the minds of their countrymen, are so wonderful that none but the most unquestionable authority could make us think them credible. The following passage, from Edwards's History of the West Indies, is inserted to give an idea of this strange infatuation.

"In the year 1760, when a very formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn or Gold Coast negroes broke out, in the parish of St. Mary, and spread through almost every other district of the island, an old Koromantyn negro, the chief instigator and oracle of the insurgents in that parish, who had

are considered as sorceresses. Esther, an old Koromantyn negress, had obtained

administered the fetish, or solemn oath, to the conspirators, and furnished them with a magical preparation, which was to render them invulnerable, was fortunately apprehended, convicted, and hung up, with all his feathers and trumperies about him; and his execution struck the insurgents with a general panic, from which they never afterwards recovered. The examinations, which were taken at that period, first opened the eyes of the public to the very dangerous tendency of the *Obeah* practice; and gave birth to the law, which was then enacted, for their suppression and punishment: but neither the terror of this law, the strict investigation which has since been made after the professors of *Obi*, nor the many examples of those, who from time to time have been hanged or transported, have hitherto produced the desired effect. A gentleman, on his returning to Jamaica, in the year 1775, found that a great many of his negroes had died during his absence; and that, of such as remained alive, at least, one half were debilitated, bloated, and in a very deplorable condition. The mortality continued after his arrival; and two or three were frequently buried in one day: others were taken ill, and began to decline under the same symptoms. Every means were tried, by me-

by her skill in poisonous herbs, and her knowledge of venomous reptiles, a high

dicine and the most careful nursing, to preserve the lives of the feeblest: but, in spite of all his endeavours, this depopulation went on for a twelvemonth longer, with more or less intermission, and without his being able to ascertain the real cause; though the *Obeah* practice was strongly suspected, as well by himself as by the doctor, and other white persons upon the plantation; as it was known to have been very common in that part of the island, and particularly among the negroes of the *Popaw* or *Popo* country. Still, he was unable to verify his suspicions; because the patients constantly denied their having any thing to do with persons of that order, or any knowledge of them. At length, a negress, who had been ill for some time, came and informed him that, feeling it was impossible for her to live much longer, she thought herself bound in duty, before she died, to impart a very great secret, and acquaint him with the true cause of her disorder; in hopes that the disclosure might prove the means of stopping that mischief, which had already swept away such a number of her fellow slaves. She proceeded to say that her step-mother, a woman of the *Popo* country, above eighty years old, but still hale and active, had *put Obi upon her*; as she had upon those, who had lately died; and that the old woman had practised *Obi*

reputation amongst her countrymen. She soon taught them to believe her to be possessed of supernatural powers; and she then worked their imagination to what pitch and purpose she pleased.

She was the chief instigator of this intended rebellion. It was she who had

for as many years past as she could remember. The other negroes of the plantation no sooner heard of this impeachment than they ran in a body to their master, and confirmed the truth of it ****. Upon this, he repaired directly, with six white servants, to the old woman's house; and, forcing open the door, observed the whole inside of the roof, which was of thatch, and every crevice of the wall, stuck with the implements of her trade; consisting of rags, feathers, bones of cats, and a thousand other articles *****. The house was instantly pulled down; and, with the whole of its contents, committed to the flames, amidst the general acclamations of all his other negroes ******. From the moment of her departure, his negroes seemed all to be animated with new spirits; and the malady spread no farther among them. The total of his losses, in the course of about fifteen years preceding the discovery, and imputable solely to the *Obeah practice*, he estimates, at least, at one hundred negroes."

stimulated the revengeful temper of Hector almost to phrenzy. She now promised him that her arts should be exerted over his friend; and it was not long before he felt their influence. Cæsar soon perceived an extraordinary change in the countenance and manner of his beloved Clara. A melancholy hung over her, and she refused to impart to him the cause of her dejection. Cæsar was indefatigable in his exertions to cultivate and embellish the ground near his cottage, in hopes of making it an agreeable habitation for her; but she seemed to take no interest in any thing. She would stand beside him immoveable, in a deep reverie; and, when he enquired whether she was ill, she would answer no, and endeavour to assume an air of gaiety: but this cheerfulness was transient; she soon relapsed into despondency. At length, she endeavoured to avoid her lover; as if she feared his further enquiries.

Unable to endure this state of suspense, he one evening resolved to bring her to

an explanation. 'Clara,' said he, 'you once loved me: I have done nothing, have I, to forfeit your confidence?'

'I once loved you!' said she, raising her languid eyes, and looking at him with reproachful tenderness. 'And can you doubt my constancy? Oh, Cæsar, you little know what is passing in my heart! You are the cause of my melancholy.'

She paused, and hesitated; as if afraid that she had said too much: but Cæsar urged her with so much vehemence, and so much tenderness, to open to him her whole soul, that, at last, she could not resist his eloquence. She reluctantly revealed to him that secret of which she could not think without horror. She informed him that, unless he complied with what was required of him by the sorceress, Esther, he was devoted to die. What it was that Esther required of him Clara knew not: she knew nothing of the conspiracy. The timidity of her character was ill-suited to such a project; and every thing relating to it had been

concealed from her with the utmost care.

When she explained to Cæsar the cause of her dejection, his natural courage resisted these superstitious fears; and he endeavoured to raise Clara's spirits. He endeavoured in vain: she fell at his feet, and with tears, and the most tender supplications, conjured him to avert the wrath of the sorceress by obeying her commands, whatever they might be!

'Clara,' replied he, 'you know not what you ask!'

'I ask you to save your life!' said she. 'I ask you, for my sake, to save your life, while yet it is in your power!'

'But would you, to save my life, Clara, make me the worst of criminals? Would you make me the murderer of my benefactor?'

Clara started with horror!

'Do you recollect the day, the moment, when we were on the point of being separated for ever, Clara? Do you remem-

ber the white man's coming to my cottage? Do you remember his look of benevolence? his voice of compassion? Do you remember his generosity? Oh, Clara, would you make me the murderer of this man?'

'Heaven forbid!' said Clara. 'This cannot be the will of the sorceress!'

'It is!' said Cæsar. 'But she shall not succeed, even though she speaks with the voice of Clara. Urge me no farther; my resolution is fixed. I should be unworthy of your love if I were capable of treachery and ingratitude.'

'But, is there no means of averting the wrath of Esther?' said Clara. 'Your life—'

'Think, first, of my honour,' interrupted Cæsar. 'Your fears deprive you of reason. Return to this sorceress, and tell her that I dread not her wrath. My hands shall never be imbrued in the blood of my benefactor. Clara! Can you forget his look, when he told us that we should never more be separated?'

'It went to my heart,' said Clara, bursting into tears. 'Cruel, cruel Esther! Why do you command us to destroy such a generous master?'

The conch sounded to summon the negroes to their morning's work. It happened, this day, that Mr. Edwards, who was continually intent upon encreasing the comforts and happiness of his slaves, sent his carpenter, while Cæsar was absent, to fit up the inside of his cottage; and, when Cæsar returned from work, he found his master pruning the branches of a tamarind tree, that overhung the thatch. 'How comes it, Cæsar,' said he, 'that you have not pruned these branches?'

Cæsar had no knife. 'Here is mine for you,' said Mr. Edwards. 'It is very sharp,' added he, smiling; 'but I am not one of those masters who are afraid to trust their negroes with sharp knives.'

These words were spoken with perfect simplicity: Mr. Edwards had no suspicion, at this time, of what was passing in the negro's mind. Cæsar received the

knife without uttering a syllable; but no sooner was Mr. Edwards out of sight than he knelt down, and, in a transport of gratitude, swore that, with this knife, he would stab himself to the heart, sooner than betray his master!

The principle of gratitude conquered every other sensation: the mind of Cæsar was not insensible to the charms of freedom: he knew the negro conspirators had so taken their measures that there was the greatest probability of their success. His heart beat high at the idea of recovering his liberty; but he was not to be seduced from his duty, not even by this delightful hopo: nor was he to be intimidated by the dreadful certainty that his former friends and countrymen, considering him as a deserter from their cause, would become his bitterest enemies. The loss of Hector's esteem and affection was deeply felt by Cæsar. Since the night that the decisive conversation, relative to Mr. Edwards, passed, Hector and he had never exchanged a syllable.

This visit proved the cause of much suffering to Hector, and to several of the slaves on Jefferies' plantation. We mentioned that Durant had been awakened by the raised voice of Hector. Though he could not find any one in the cottage, yet his suspicions were not dissipated; and an accident nearly brought the whole conspiracy to light. Durant had ordered one of the negroes to watch a boiler of sugar; the slave was overcome by the heat, and fainted. He had scarcely recovered his senses when the overseer came up, and found that the sugar had fermented, by having remained a few minutes too long in the boiler. He flew into a violent passion, and ordered that the negro should receive fifty lashes. His victim bore them without uttering a groan; but, when his punishment was over, and when he thought the overseer was gone, he exclaimed, 'It will soon be our turn!'

Durant was not out of hearing. He turned suddenly, and observed that the

negro looked at Hector, when he pronounced these words; and this confirmed the suspicion that Hector was carrying on some conspiracy. He immediately had recourse to that brutality which he considered as the only means of governing black men: Hector and three other negroes were lashed unmercifully; but no confessions could be extorted.

Mr. Jefferies might perhaps have forbidden such violence to be used, if he had not been at the time carousing with a party of jovial West Indians; who thought of nothing but indulging their appetites in all the luxuries that art and nature could supply. The sufferings, which had been endured by many of the wretched negroes, to furnish out this magnificent entertainment, were never once thought of by these selfish epicures. Yet, so false are the general estimates of character, that all these gentlemen passed for men of great feeling and generosity! The human mind, in certain situations, becomes so accustomed to

ideas of tyranny and cruelty that they no longer appear extraordinary, or detestable: they rather seem part of the necessary and immutable order of things.

Mr. Jefferies was stopped, as he passed from his dining-room into his drawing-room, by a little negro child, of about five years old, who was crying bitterly. He was the son of one of the slaves, who were at this moment under the torturer's hand. 'Poor little devil!' said Mr. Jefferies, who was more than half intoxicated. 'Take him away; and tell Durant, some of ye, to pardon his father—if he can.'

The child ran, eagerly, to announce his father's pardon: but he soon returned, crying more violently than before. Durant would not hear the boy; and it was now no longer possible to appeal to Mr. Jefferies, for he was in the midst of an assembly of fair ladies; and no servant belonging to the house dared to interrupt the festivities of the evening. The three men, who were so severely flogged to

extort from them confessions, were perfectly innocent: they knew nothing of the confederacy; but the rebels seized the moment, when their minds were exasperated by this cruelty and injustice, and they easily persuaded them to join the league. The hopes of revenging themselves upon the overseer was a motive sufficient to make them brave death, in any shape.

Another incident, which happened a few days before the time destined for the revolt of the slaves, determined numbers who had been undecided. Mrs. Jefferies was a languid beauty; or rather a languid fine lady, who had been a beauty, and who spent all that part of the day which was not devoted to the pleasures of the table, or in reclining on a couch, in dress. She was one day extended on a sofa, fanned by four slaves, two at her head and two at her feet, when news was brought that a large chest, directed to her, was just arrived from London.

This chest contained various articles of

dress, of the newest fashions. The Jamaica ladies carry their ideas of magnificence to a high pitch: they willingly give a hundred guineas for a gown, which they perhaps wear but once or twice. In the elegance and variety of her ornaments, Mrs. Jefferies was not exceeded by any lady in the island, except by one who had lately received a cargo from England. She now expected to outshine her competitor, and desired that the chest should be unpacked in her presence.

In taking out one of the gowns, it caught on a nail in the lid, and was torn. The lady, roused from her natural indolence by this disappointment to her vanity, instantly ordered that the unfortunate female slave should be severely chastised. The woman was the wife of Hector; and this fresh injury worked up his temper, naturally vindictive, to the highest point. He ardently longed for the moment when he might satiate his vengeance.

The plan the negroes had laid was to set fire to the canes, at one and the same

time, on every plantation; and, when the white inhabitants of the island should run to put out the fire, the blacks were to seize this moment of confusion and consternation to fall upon them, and make a general massacre. The time when this scheme was to be carried into execution was not known to Cæsar; for the conspirators had changed their day, as soon as Hector told them that his friend was no longer one of the confederacy. They dreaded he should betray them; and it was determined that he and Clara should both be destroyed, unless they could be prevailed upon to join the conspiracy.

Hector wished to save his friend; but the desire of vengeance overcame every other feeling. He resolved, however, to make an attempt, for the last time, to change Cæsar's resolution.

For this purpose, Esther was the person he employed: she was to work upon his mind by means of Clara. On returning to her cottage one night, she found, suspended from the thatch, one of those

strange fantastic charms, with which the Indian sorceresses terrify those whom they have proscribed. Clara, unable to conquer her terror, repaired again to Esther, who received her at first in mysterious silence; but, after she had implored her forgiveness for the past, and with all possible humility conjured her to grant her future protection, the sorceress deigned to speak. Her commands were that Clara should prevail upon her lover to meet her, on this awful spot, the ensuing night.

Little suspecting what was going forward on the plantation of Jefferies, Mr. Edwards that evening gave his slaves a holiday. He and his family came out at sunset, when the fresh breeze had sprung up, and seated themselves under a spreading palm-tree, to enjoy the pleasing spectacle of this negro festival. His negroes were all well clad; their turbans were of the gayest colours, and their merry countenances suited the gaiety of their dress. Whilst some were dancing, and some

playing on the tambourine, others appeared among the distant trees, bringing baskets of avocado pears, grapes, and pine-apples, the produce of their own provision grounds; while some of them were employed in spreading their clean trenchers, or the calabashes, which served for plates and dishes. The negroes continued to dance and divert themselves till late in the evening. When they separated and retired to rest, Cæsar, recollecting his promise to Clara, repaired secretly to the habitation of the sorceress. It was situated in the recess of a thick wood. When he arrived there, he found the door fastened; and he was obliged to wait some time before it was opened by Esther.

The first object he beheld was his beloved Clara, stretched on the ground, apparently a corpse! The sorceress had thrown her into a trance, by a preparation of deadly night-shade. The hag burst into an infernal laugh, when she beheld the despair that was painted in

Cæsar's countenance! 'Wretch!' cried she; 'you have defied my power: behold its victim!'

Cæsar, in a transport of rage, seized her by the throat: but his fury was soon checked.

'Destroy me,' said the fiend, 'and you destroy your Clara. She is not dead: but she lies in the sleep of death, into which she has been thrown by magic art, and from which no power, but mine, can restore her to the light of life. Yes! Look at her, pale and motionless! Never will she rise from the earth, unless, within one hour, you obey my commands. I have administered to Hector and his companions the solemn Fetish oath, at the sound of which every negro in Africa trembles! You know my object.'

'Fiend, I do!' replied Cæsar; eyeing her sternly: 'but, while I have life, it shall never be accomplished.'

'Look yonder!' cried she, pointing to the moon. 'In a few minutes, that moon will set: at that hour Hector and his

friends will appear. They come armed! Armed with weapons which I shall steep in poison, for their enemies. Themselves I will render invulnerable. Look again!' continued she. 'If my dim eyes mistake not, yonder they come. Rash man, you die, if they cross my threshold.'

'I wish for death,' said Cæsar. 'Clara is dead!'

'But you can restore her to life, by a single word.'

Cæsar, at this moment, seemed to hesitate.

'Consider! Your heroism is vain,' continued Esther. 'You will have the knives of fifty of the conspirators in your bosom, if you do not join them; and, after you have fallen, the death of your master is inevitable. Here is the bowl of poison, in which the negro knives are to be steeped. Your friends, your former friends, your countrymen, will be in arms in a few minutes; and they will bear down every thing before them! Victory! Wealth! Freedom! and Revenge! will be theirs!'

Cæsar appeared to be more and more agitated. His eyes were fixed upon Clara. The conflict in his mind was violent; but his sense of gratitude and of duty could not be shaken by hope, fear, or ambition: nor could it be vanquished by love. He determined however to appear to yield. As if struck with panic, at the approach of the confederate negroes, he suddenly turned to the sorceress and said, in a tone of feigned submission, 'It is in vain to struggle with fate. Let my knife too be dipt in your magic poison.'

The sorceress clapped her hands, with infernal joy in her countenance. She bade him instantly give her his knife, that she might plunge it to the hilt in the bowl of poison; to which she turned with savage impatience. His knife was left in his cottage; and, under pretence of going in search of it, he escaped. Esther promised to prepare Hector, and all his companions, to receive him with their ancient cordiality, on his return. Cæsar ran with the utmost speed along a bye-path out of

the wood, met none of the rebels, reached his master's house, scaled the wall of his bed-chamber, got in at the window, and wakened him, exclaiming, 'Arm! Arm yourself, my dear master! Arm all your slaves! They will fight for you, and die for you; as I will the first. The Koromantyn yell of war will be heard in Jefferies' plantation this night! Arm! Arm yourself, my dear master, and let us surround the rebel leaders while it is yet time. I will lead you to the place where they are all assembled, on condition that their chief, who is my friend, shall be pardoned.'

Mr. Edwards armed himself and the negroes on his plantation, as well as the whites: they were all equally attached to him. He followed Cæsar into the recesses of the wood.

They proceeded with all possible rapidity, but in perfect silence, till they reached Esther's habitation; which they surrounded completely, before they were perceived by the conspirators.

Mr. Edwards looked through a hole in the wall; and, by the blue flame of a cauldron, over which the sorceress was stretching her shrivelled hands, he saw Hector and five stout negroes standing, intent upon her incantations. These negroes held their knives in their hands, ready to dip them into the bowl of poison. It was proposed, by one of the whites, to set fire immediately to the hut; and thus to force the rebels to surrender. The advice was followed; but Mr. Edwards charged his people to spare their prisoners. The moment the rebels saw that the thatch of the hut was in flames, they set up the Koromantyn yell of war, and rushed out with frantic desperation.

'Yield! You are pardoned, Hector,' cried Mr. Edwards, in a loud voice.

'You are pardoned, my friend!' repeated Cæsar.

Hector, incapable at this instant of listening to any thing but revenge, sprang forwards, and plunged his knife into the bosom of Cæsar. The faithful servant stag-

gered back a few paces: his master caught him in his arms. 'I die content,' said he. Bury me with Clara!'

He swooned from loss of blood, as they were carrying him home; but, when his wound was examined, it was found not to be mortal. As he recovered from his swoon, he stared wildly round him, trying to recollect where he was, and what had happened. He thought that he was still in a dream, when he saw his beloved Clara standing beside him. The opiate, which the pretended sorceress had administered to her, had ceased to operate; she wakened from her trance just at the time the Koromantyn yell commenced. Cæsar's joy!

We must leave that to the imagination.

In the mean time, what became of the rebel negroes, and Mr. Edwards?

The taking the chief conspirators prisoners did not prevent the negroes, upon Jefferies' plantation, from insurrection. The moment they heard the war-whoop,

the signal agreed upon, they rose in a body; and, before they could be prevented, either by the whites on the estate or by Mr. Edwards's adherents, they had set fire to the overseer's house, and to the canes. The overseer was the principal object of their vengeance: he died in tortures, inflicted by the hands of those who had suffered most by his cruelties. Mr. Edwards, however, quelled the insurgents before rebellion spread to any other estates in the island. The influence of his character, and the effect of his eloquence upon the minds of the people, were astonishing: nothing but his interference could have prevented the total destruction of Mr. Jefferies, and his family; who, as it was computed, lost this night upward of fifty thousand pounds. He was never afterward able to recover his losses, or to shake off his constant fear of a fresh insurrection among his slaves. At length, he and his lady returned to England; where they were obliged to live in obscurity and indigence. They had no conso-

lation, in their misfortunes, but that of railing at the treachery of the whole race of slaves. Our readers, we hope, will think that at least one exception may be made, in favour of THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

March, 1802.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW.

"Oh this detestable *To-morrow!*—a thing always
"expected, yet never found."

Johnson.

CHAPTER I.

Early Consequences of a bad Habit.

IT has long been my intention to write my own history; and I am determined to begin it to-day; for half the good intentions of my life have been frustrated by my unfortunate habit of putting things off till tomorrow.

When I was a young man, I used to be told that this was my only fault; I believed it; and my vanity or laziness persuaded me that this fault was but small, and that I should easily cure myself of it in time.

That time, however, has not yet arrived; and at my advanced time of life I must

give up all thoughts of amendment, hoping, however, that sincere repentance may stand instead of reformation.

My father was an eminent London bookseller: he happened to be looking over a new biographical dictionary on the day when I was brought into the world; and at the moment when my birth was announced to him, he had his finger upon the name *Basil*; he read aloud—"*Basil*, "canonized bishop of Cæsaria, a theologi-"cal, controversial, and moral writer."

'My boy,' continued my father, 'shall be named after this great man, and I hope and believe that I shall live to see him either a celebrated logical, controversial, and moral author, or a bishop. I am not so sanguine as to expect that he should be both these good things.'

I was christened Basil according to my father's wishes, and his hopes of my future celebrity and fortune were confirmed, during my childhood, by instances of wit and memory, which were not perhaps greater than what could have been found in my

little cotemporaries, but which appeared to the vanity of parental fondness extraordinary, if not supernatural. My father declared that it would be a sin not to give me a learned education, and he went even beyond his means to procure for me all the advantages of the best modes of instruction. I was stimulated, even when a boy, by the idea that I should become a great man, and my masters had for some time reason to be satisfied; but what they called the *quickness of my parts* continually retarded my progress. The facility with which I learned my lessons encouraged me to put off learning them till the last moment; and this habit of procrastinating, which was begun in presumption, ended in disgrace.

When I was sent to a public school, I found among my companions so many temptations to idleness that, notwithstanding the quickness of my parts, I was generally flogged twice a week. As I grew older, my reason might perhaps have taught me to correct myself, but my va-

nity was excited to persist in idleness by certain imprudent sayings or whisperings of my father.

When I came home from school at the holidays, and when complaints were preferred against me in letters from my schoolmaster, my father, even while he affected to scold me for my negligence, flattered me in the most dangerous manner by adding—*aside* to some friend of the family—

'My Basil is a strange fellow!—can do any thing he pleases—all his masters say so—but he is a sad idle dog—all your men of genius are so—puts off business always to the last moment—All your men of genius do so. For instance, there is— whose third edition of odes I have just published—what an idle dog he is. Yet who makes such a noise in the world as he does?—puts off every thing till *to-morrow*, like my Basil—but can do more at the last moment than any man in England —that is, if the fit seizes him—for he does nothing but by fits—has no application—

none—Says it would "petrify him to a dunce." I never knew a man of genius who was not an idle dog.'

Not a syllable of such speeches was lost upon me; the ideas of a man of genius and of an idle dog were soon so firmly joined together in my imagination that it was impossible to separate them, either by my own reason or by that of my preceptors. I gloried in the very habits which my tutors laboured to correct; and I never was seriously mortified by the consequences of my own folly till, at a public examination at Eton, I lost a premium by putting off till it was too late the finishing a copy of verses. The lines which I had written were said by all my young and old friends to be beautiful. The prize was gained by one Johnson, a heavy lad, of no sort of genius, but of great perseverance. His verses were finished, however, at the stated time.

* "For dullness ever must be regular!"

My fragment, charming as it was, was

useless, except to hand about afterward among my friends, to prove what I might have done if I had thought it worth while.

My father was extremely vexed by my missing an opportunity of distinguishing myself at this public exhibition, especially as the king had honoured the assembly with his presence; and, as those who had gained premiums were presented to his Majesty, it was supposed that their being thus early *marked* as lads of talents would be highly advantageous to their advancement in life. All this my father felt, and, blaming himself for having encouraged in me *the indolence of genius*, he determined to counteract his former imprudence, and was resolved, he said, to cure me at once of my habit of procrastination. For this purpose he took down from his shelves Younge's Night Thoughts; from which he remembered a line, which has become a *stock* line among writing-masters copies:

Procrastination is the thief of time.

He hunted the book for the words *Procrastination*, *Time*, *To-day*, and *To-morrow*, and made an extract of seven long pages on the dangers of delay.

'Now my dear Basil,' said he, 'this is what will cure you for life, and this you must get perfectly by heart, before I give you one shilling more pocket-money.'

The motive was all-powerful, and with pains, iteration, and curses, I fixed the heterogeneous quotations so well in my memory that some of them have remained there to this day. For instance—

"*Time* destroyed
Is *suicide* where more than blood is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens.

We push *Time* from us, and we wish him back.

Man flies from *Time*, and Time from Man too soon;
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then where are we?

Be wise *to-day*, 'tis madness to defer, &c.
Next day the fatal precedent will plead, &c.

Lorenzo—O for *yesterdays* to come!

To-day is *yesterday* returned; returned,
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate,
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

Where shall I find him? Angels! tell me where:
You know him; he is near you; point him out;
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings *now* hov'ring o'er him shed
Protection: now are wav'ring in applause
To that blest son of foresight! Lord of fate!
That aweful independent on *to-morrow!*
Whose *work is done*; who triumphs in the past;
Whose *yesterdays* look backward with a smile."

'I spare you the rest of my task, and I earnestly hope, my dear son, that these citations may have a better effect upon you than they had upon me. With shame I confess that even with the addition of Shakespear's eloquent

"To-morrow, and To-morrow, and To-morrow, &c."

which I learnt by heart gratis, not a bit the better was I for all this poetical morality. What I wanted was not conviction of my folly, but resolution to amend.

When I say that I was not a bit the better for these documents, I must not omit to observe to you that I was very near being four hundred pounds a year the better for them.

Being obliged to learn so much of Younge's Night Thoughts by rote, I was rather disgusted, and my attention was roused to criticise the lines, which had been forced upon my admiration. After-ward, when I went to College, I delighted to maintain, in opposition to some of my companions, who were enthusiastic ad-mirers of Younge, that he was no poet. The more I was ridiculed, the more I persisted. I talked myself into notice; I became acquainted with several of the literary men at Cambridge; I wrote in defence of my opinion, or, as some called it, my heresy. I maintained that what all the world had mistaken for sublimity was bombast; that the Night Thoughts were fuller of witty conceits than of poeti-cal images: I drew a parallel between

Younge and Cowley; and I finished by pronouncing Younge to be the Cowley of the eighteenth century. To do myself justice, there was much ingenuity and some truth in my essay, but it was the declamation of a partisan, who can think only on one side of a question, and who, in the heat of controversy, says more than he thinks, and more than he originally intended.

It is often the fortune of literary partisans to obtain a share of temporary celebrity far beyond their deserts, especially if they attack any writer of established reputation. The success of my essay exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I began to think that my father was right; that I was born to be a great genius, and a great man. The notice taken of me by a learned prelate, who piqued himself upon being considered as the patron of young men of talents, confirmed me at once in my self-conceit and my hopes of preferment.

I mentioned to you that my father, in

honour of my name-sake, Basil, bishop of Cæsaria, and to verify his own *presentiments*, had educated me for the church. My present patron, who seemed to like me the better the oftener I dined with him, gave me reason to hope that he would provide for me handsomely. I was not yet ordained, when a living of four hundred per annum fell into his gift: he held it over for some months, as it was thought, on purpose for me.

In the mean time he employed me to write a charity-sermon for him, which he was to preach, as it was expected, to a crowded congregation. None but those, who are themselves slaves to the habit of procrastination, will believe, that I could be so foolish as to put off writing this sermon till the Saturday evening before it was wanted. Some of my young companions came unexpectedly to sup with me; we sat late: in the vanity of a young author, who glories in the rapidity of composition, I said to myself that I could finish my sermon in an hour's time. But, alas!

when my companions at length departed, they left me in no condition to complete a sermon. I fell fast asleep, and was wakened in the morning by the bishop's servant. The dismay I felt is indescribable; I started up—it was nine o'clock: I began to write; but my hand and my mind trembled, and my ideas were in such confusion that I could not, great genius as I was, produce a beginning sentence in a quarter of an hour.

I kept the bishop's servant forty minutes by his watch; wrote and re-wrote two pages, and walked up and down the room; tore my two pages; and at last, when the footman said he could wait no longer, was obliged to let him go with an awkward note, pleading sudden sickness for my apology. It was true that I was sufficiently sick at the time when I penned this note; my head ached terribly; and I kept my room, reflecting upon my own folly, the whole of the day. I foresaw the consequences; the living was given away by my patron, the next morning, and all

hopes of future favour were absolutely at an end.

My father overwhelmed me with reproaches; and I might perhaps have been reformed by this disappointment; but an unexpected piece of good fortune, or what I then thought good-fortune, was my ruin.

Among the multitude of my college-friends was a young gentleman, whose father was just appointed to go out upon the *famous* embassy to China: he came to our shop to buy Du Halde; and, upon hearing me express an enthusiastic desire to visit China, he undertook to apply to his father to take me in the ambassador's suite. His representation of me as a young man of talents and literature, and the view of some botanical drawings, which I executed upon the spur of the occasion with tolerable neatness, procured me the favour which I so ardently desired.

My father objected to my taking this voyage. He was vexed to see me quit the profession for which I had been educated; and he could not, without a severe strug-

gle, relinquish his hopes of seeing me a bishop. But I argued that, as I had not yet been ordained, there could be no disgrace or impropriety in my avoiding a mode of life which was not suited to my *genius.*—This word genius had now, as upon all other occasions, a mighty effect upon my father, and observing this, I declared further; in a high tone of voice, that, from the experience I had already had, I was perfectly certain that the drudgery of sermon writing would *paralyse my genius*; and that, to expand and invigorate my intellectual powers, it was absolutely necessary I should, to use a great author's expression, "view in foreign countries varied modes of existence."

My father's hopes that one half of his prophecy would at least be accomplished, and that I should become a great author, revived; and he consented to my going to China, upon condition that I should promise to write a history of my voyage and journey, in two volumes octavo, or one quarto, with a folio of plates. This pro-

mise was readily made; for, in the plenitude of confidence in my own powers, octavos and quartos shrunk before me, and a folio appeared too small for the various information, and the useful reflections, which a voyage to China must supply.

Full of expectations and projects, I talked from morning till night of my journey; but, notwithstanding my father's hourly remonstrances, I deferred my preparations till the last week. Then all was hurry and confusion; taylors and sempstresses, portmanteaus and trunks, portfolios and drawing-boxes, water-colours, crayons, and note-books, wet from the stationer's, crowded my room. I had a dozen small note-books, and a huge common-place book, which was to be divided and kept in the manner recommended by the judicious and immortal Locke.

In the midst of the last day's bustle, I sat down at the corner of a table with compass, ruler, and red ink to divide and rule my best of all possible common-place books; but

the red ink was too thin, and the paper was not well-sized, and it blotted continually; because I was obliged to turn over the pages rapidly; and ink will not dry, nor blotting-paper suck it up more quickly for *a genius* than for any other man. Besides, my attention was much distracted by the fear that the sempstress should not send home my dozen of new shirts, and that a vile *procrastinating* boot-maker would never come with my boots. Every rap at the door I started up to enquire whether *that* was the shirts, or the boots; thrice I overturned the red, and twice the black ink bottles by these starts; and the execrations which I bestowed upon those trades-people, who will put off every thing to the last moment, were innumerable.— I had orders to set off in the mail-coach for Portsmouth, to join the rest of the ambassador's suite.

The provoking watchman cried "past eleven o'clock," before I had half-finished ruling my common-place book; my shirts and my boots were not come; the mail-

coach, as you may guess, set off without me. My poor father was in a terrible tremor, and walked from room to room, reproaching me and himself: but I persisted in repeating that Lord M. would not set out the day he had intended; that nobody, since the creation of the world, ever set out upon a long journey the day he first appointed—besides, there were at least a hundred chances in my favour, that his lordship would break down on his way to Portsmouth; that the wind would not be fair when he arrived there; that half the people in his suite would not be more punctual than myself, &c.

By these arguments, or by mere dint of assertion, I quieted my father's apprehensions and my own, and we agreed that, as it was now impossible to go to-day, it was best to stay till to-morrow.

CHAPTER II.

The Inconveniencies of any great Defect are innumerable.

UPON my arrival at Portsmouth, the first thing I heard was that the Lion and Hindostan had sailed, some hours before, with the embassy for China. Despair deprived me of utterance. A charitable waiter at the inn, however, seeing my consternation and absolute inability to think or act for myself, ran to make farther enquiries, and brought me back the joyful tidings that the Jackal brig, which was to carry out the remainder of the ambassador's suite, was not yet under way; that a gentleman, who was to go in the Jackal, had dined at a hotel in the next street, and that he had gone to the waterside but ten minutes ago.

I hurried after him; the boat was gone. I paid another exorbitantly to take me and my goods to the brig, and reached the Jackal just as she was weighing anchor.

Bad education for me! The moment I felt myself safe on board, having recovered breath to speak, I exclaimed, "Here am I, safe and sound! just as well as if I had been here yesterday; better indeed. Oh, after this, I shall always trust to my own good fortune. I knew I should not be too late."

When I came to reflect coolly, however, I was rather sorry that I had missed my passage in the Lion, with my friend and protector, and with most of the learned and ingenious men of the ambassador's suite, to whom I had been introduced, and who had seemed favourably disposed toward me. All the advantage I might have derived from their conversation, during this long voyage, was lost by my own negligence. The Jackal lost company of the Lion and Hindostan in the channel.—As my friends afterward told me, they waited for us five days in Praya bay; but as no Jackal appeared they sailed again without her. At length, to our great joy, we descried on the beach of Sumatra a

board nailed to a post, which our friends had set up there, with a written notice to inform us that the Lion and Hindostan had touched on this shore on such a day, to point out to us the course that we should keep in order to join them.

At the sight of this writing my spirits revived: the wind favoured us; but, alas! in passing the streights of Banka, we were damaged so that we were obliged to return to port to refit, and to take in fresh provisions. Not a soul on board but wished it had been their fate to have had a birth in the other ships; and I more loudly than any one else expressed this wish twenty times a day. When my companions heard that I was to have sailed in the ambassador's ship, if I had been time enough at Spithead, some pitied and some rallied me; but most said I deserved to be punished for my negligence. At length we joined the Lion and Hindostan at North island. Our friends had quite given up all hopes of ever seeing us again, and had actually bought at Batavia a

French brig, to supply the place of the Jackal. To my great satisfaction, I was now received on board the Lion, and had an opportunity of conversing with the men of literature and science, from whom I had been so unluckily separated during the former part of the voyage. Their conversation soon revived and increased my regret, when they told me of all that I had missed seeing at the various places where they had touched: they talked to me with provoking fluency of the culture of Manioc, of the root of Cassada, of which Tapioca is made; of the shrub called the Cactus, on which the cochineal insect swarms and feeds; and of the Ipecacuanha-plant; all which they had seen at Rio Janeiro, besides eight paintings representing the manner in which the diamond and gold mines in the Brazils are worked. Indeed, upon cross-examination, I found that these pictures were miserably executed, and scarcely worth seeing.

I regretted more the fine pine-apples which my companions assured me were in

such abundance that they cleaned their swords in them, as being the cheapest acid that could be there procured. But, far beyond these vulgar objects of curiosity, I regretted not having learned any thing concerning the celebrated Upas-tree. I was persuaded that, if I had been at Batavia I should have extracted some information more precise than these gentlemen obtained from the keepers of the medical garden.

I confess that my mortification at this disappointment did not arise solely from the pure love of natural history: the Upas-tree would have made a conspicuous figure in my quarto volume. I consoled myself, however, by the determination to omit nothing that the vast empire of China could afford to render my work entertaining, instructive, interesting, and sublime. To a man of genius, objects and occurrences the most familiar and trivial present new aspects, or lead to important conclusions: what then may be expected from his powers, when a vast empire is pre-

sented to his view, whose inhabitants in their modes of life, customs, laws, and morals differ essentially from those of any other nations on the face of the globe!—What philosophical observations and rich discoveries in ethics, physics, and metaphysics—what lessons of policy and legislation may the world reasonably hope in such circumstances, to receive from the pen of a great genius!

I delighted myself with the notion that the world should not be disappointed in their expectations: I anticipated the pride with which I should receive the compliments of my friends and the public, upon my *valuable and incomparable work:* I anticipated the pleasure with which my father would exult in the celebrity of his son, and in the accomplishment of his own prophecies; and, with these thoughts full in my mind, we landed at Mettow, in China.

I sat up late at night, writing a sketch of my preface, and notes for the heads of chapters. I was tired, fell into a profound

sleep, dreamed I was teaching the emperor of China to pronounce Chrononhotonthologos, and in the morning was wakened by the sound of the gong; the signal that the accommodation junks were ready to sail with the embassy to Pekin. I hurried on my clothes, and was in the junk before the gong had done beating. I gloried in my celerity; but, before we had gone two leagues up the country, I found reason to repent of my precipitation: I wanted to note down my first impressions on entering the Chinese territories; but, alas! I felt in vain in my pocket for my pencil and note-book; I had left them both behind me on my bed. Not only one note-book, but my whole dozen; which, on leaving London, I had stuffed into a bag with my night-gown. Bag, night-gown, note-books, all were forgotten!

However trifling it may appear, this loss of the little note-books was of material consequence. To be sure, it was easy to procure paper and make others: but, because it was so easy, it was delayed

from hour to hour, and from day to day; and I went on writing my most important remarks on scraps of paper, which were always to be copied to-morrow into a note-book that was then to be made.

We arrived at Pekin, and were magnificently lodged in a palace in the city of Pekin; but here we were so strictly guarded that we could not stir beyond the courts of the palace. You will say that in this confinement I had leisure sufficient to make a note-book, and to copy my notes: so I had; and it was my firm intention so to have done; but I put it off because I thought it would take up but a few hours time, and it could be done any day. Besides the weather was so excessively hot that, for the first week, I could do nothing but unbotton my waiscoat and drink sherbet. Visits of ceremony from mandarines took up much of our time: they spoke and moved like machines; and it was with much difficulty that our interpreter made us understand the meaning of their formal sentences, which were seldom

worth the trouble of decyphering. We saw them fan themselves, drink tea, eat sweetmeats and rice, and chew betel; but it was scarcely worth while to come all the way from Europe to see this, especially as any common Chinese paper or screen would give an adequate idea of these figures, in their accustomed attitudes.

I spent another week in railing at these abominably stupid, or unnecessarily cautious, creatures of ceremony, and made memorandums for an eloquent chapter in my work.

One morning, we were agreeably surprised by a visit from a mandarine of a very different description. We were astonished to hear a person in the habit of a Chinese, and bearing the title of a mandarine, address us in French: he informed us that he was originally a French jesuit, and came over to China with several missionaries from Paris; but, as they were prohibited from promulgating their doctrines in this country, most of them had

returned to France: a few remained, assumed the dress and manners of the country, and had been elevated to the rank of mandarines, as a reward for their learning. The conversation of our Chinese jesuit was extremely entertaining and instructive; he was delighted to hear news from Europe, and we were eager to obtain from him information respecting China. I paid particular attention to him, and I was so fortunate as to win his confidence, as far as the confidence of a jesuit can be won. He came frequently to visit me, and did me the honour to spend some hours in my apartment.

As he had made it understood that these were literary visits, and as his character for propriety was well established with the government, he excited no suspicion; and we spent our time most delightfully between books and conversation. He gave me, by his anecdotes and descriptions, an insight into the characters and domestic lives of the inhabitants of Pekin, which I could not otherwise have

obtained: his talent for description was admirable, and his characters were so new to me that I was in continual ecstasy. I called him the Chinese La Bruyere; and, anticipating the figure which his portraits would make in my future work, thought that I could never sufficiently applaud his eloquence. He was glad to lay aside the solemn gravity of a Chinese mandarine, and to indulge the vivacity of a Frenchman; his vanity was gratified by my praises, and he exerted himself to the utmost to enhance my opinion of his talents.

At length, we had notice that it was the emperor's pleasure to receive the embassy at his imperial residence in Tartary, at Jehol; *the seat of grateful coolness, the garden of innumerable trees.* From the very name of this place I augured that it would prove favourable to the inspirations of genius, and determined to date at least one of the chapters or letters of my future work from this delightful retreat, the *Sans Souci* of China. Full of this inten-

tion, I set out upon our expedition into Tartary.

My good friend, the jesuit, who had a petition to present to the emperor relative to some Chinese manuscripts, determined, to my infinite satisfaction, to accompany us to Jehol; and our conducting manda-rine, Van-Tadge, arranged things so upon our journey that I enjoyed as much of my friend's conversation as possible. Never European travelling in these countries had such advantages as mine; I had a companion who was able and willing to instruct me in every minute particular of the manners, and every general principle of the government and policy, of the people. I was in no danger of falling into the ridiculous mistakes of travellers, who, having but a partial view of things and persons, argue absurdly, and grossly misrepresent while they intend to be accurate. Many people, as my French mandarine observed, reason like Voltaire's famous traveller; who, happening to have a drunken landlord and a red-haired land-

lady, at the first inn where he stopped in Alsace, wrote down among his Memorandums—"All the men of Alsace drunkards; all the women red-haired."

When we arrived at Jehol, the hurry of preparing for our presentation to the emperor, the want of a convenient writing-table, and perhaps my habit of procrastination, prevented my writing the chapter for my future work, or noting down any of the remarks which the jesuit had made upon our journey. One morning, when I collected my papers and the scraps of memorandums, with which the pockets of all my clothes were stuffed, I was quite terrified at the heap of confusion, and thrust all these materials for my quarto into a canvas bag, purposing to lay them smooth in a port-folio the next day. But the next day I could do nothing of this sort, for we had the British presents to unpack, which had arrived from Pekin; the day after was taken up with our presentation to the emperor; and the day after that I had a new scheme in my

head. The emperor, with much solemnity, presented with his own hand to our ambassador a casket, which he said was the most valuable present he could make to the King of England: it contained the miniature pictures of the emperor's ancestors, with a few lines of poetry annexed to each, describing the character, and recording the principle events of each monarch's reign. It occurred to me that a set of similar portraits and poetical histories of the Kings of England would be a proper and agreeable offering to the Emperor of China: I consulted my friend, the French mandarine, and he encouraged me by assurances that, as far as he could pretend to judge, it would be a present peculiarly suited to the Emperor's taste; and that, in all probability, I should be distinguished by some mark of his approbation, or some munificent reward. My friend promised to have the miniatures varnished for me in the Chinese taste; and he undertook to present the work to the emperor when it should be finished. As it was

supposed that the embassy would spend the whole winter in Pekin, I thought that I should have time enough to complete the whole series of British sovereigns. It was not necessary to be very scrupulous as to the resemblance of my portraits, as the Emperor of China could not easily detect any errors of this nature: fortunately, I had brought from London with me striking likenesses of all the Kings of England, with the principal events of their reign, in one large sheet of paper, which belonged to a joining-map of one of my little cousins. In the confusion of my packing up, I had put it into my trunk instead of a sheet almanack, which lay on the same table. In the course of my life, many lucky accidents have happened to me, even in consequence of my own carelessness; yet that carelessness has afterward prevented my reaping any permanent advantage from my good fortune.

Upon this occasion I was, however, determined that no laziness of mine should

deprive me of an opportunity of making my fortune: I set to work immediately, and astonished my friend by the facility with which I made verses. It was my custom to retire from the noisy apartments of our palace to a sort of alcove, at the end of a long gallery, in one of the outer courts, where our corps of artillery used to parade. After their parade was over, the place was perfectly quiet and solitary for the remainder of the day and night. I used to sit up late, writing; and, one fine moon-light night, I went out of my alcove to walk in the gallery, while I composed some lines on our great Queen Elizabeth. I could not finish the last complete to my fancy: I sat down upon an artificial rock, which was in the middle of the court, leaned my head upon my hand, and, as I was searching for an appropriate rhyme to *glory*, fell fast asleep. A noise like that of a most violent clap of thunder awakened me; I was thrown with my face flat upon the ground.

When I recovered my senses, the court

was filled with persons, some European, some Chinese, seemingly just risen from their beds, with lanterns and torches in their hands; all of them with faces of consternation, asking one another what had happened? The ground was covered with scattered fragments of wooden pillars, mats, and bamboo cane-work. I looked and saw that one end of the gallery in which I had been walking, and the alcove, were in ruins. There was a strong smell of gunpowder. I now recollected that I had borrowed a powder-horn from one of the soldiers in the morning; and that I had intended to load my pistols, but I delayed doing so. The horn, full of gunpowder, lay upon the table in the alcove all day; and the pistols, out of which I had shaken the old priming. When I went out to walk in the gallery, I left the candle burning; and I suppose a spark fell upon the loose gunpowder, set fire to that in the horn, and blew up the alcove. It was built of light wood and cane, and communicated only

with a cane-work gallery; otherwise the mischief would have been more serious. As it was, the explosion had alarmed not only all the ambassador's suite, who lodged in the palace, but many of the Chinese in the neighbourhood, who could not be made to comprehend how the accident had happened.

Reproaches from all our own people were poured upon me without mercy; and, in the midst of my contrition, I had not for some time leisure to lament the loss of all my Kings of England: no vestige of them remained; and all the labour that I had bestowed upon their portraits and their poetical histories was lost to the Emperor of China and to myself. What was still worse, I could not even utter a syllable of complaint, for no body would sympathize with me, all my companions were so much provoked by my negligence, and so apprehensive of the bad consequences which might ensue from this accident. The Chinese, who had been alarmed, and who departed evidently dis-

satisfied, would certainly mention what had happened to the mandarines of the city; and they would report it to the emperor.

I resolved to apply for advice to my friend, the jesuit; but he increased instead of diminishing our apprehensions: he said that the affair was much talked of and misrepresented in Pekin; and that the Chinese, naturally timid, and suspicious of strangers, could not believe that no injury was intended to them, and that the explosion was accidental. A child had been wounded by the fall of some of the ruins of the alcove, which were thrown with great violence into a neighbouring house: the butt end of one my pistols was found in the street, and had been carried to the magistrate by the enraged populace, as evidence of our evil designs. My jesuit observed to me that there was no possibility of reasoning with the prejudices of any nation; and he confessed he expected that this unlucky accident would have the most serious consequences. He told me in confidence a circumstance that

tended much to confirm this opinion: a few days before, when the Emperor went to examine the British presents of artillery, and when the brass mortars were tried, though he admired the ingenuity of these instruments of destruction, yet he said that he deprecated the spirit of the people who employed them; and could not reconcile their improvements in the arts of war with the mild precepts of the religion which they professed.

My friend, the mandarine, promised he would do all in his power to make the exact truth known to the Emperor; and to prevent the evil impressions, which the prejudices of the populace, and perhaps the designing misrepresentations of the city mandarines, might tend to create. I must suppose that the good offices of my jesuit were ineffectual, and that he either received a positive order to interfere no more in our affairs, or that he was afraid of being implicated in our disgrace if he continued his intimacy with me, for this was the last visit I ever received from him.

CHAPTER III.

Men think their continual Faults their continual Misfortunes.

IN a few days the embassy had orders to return to Pekin. The ambassador's palace was fitted up for his winter's residence; and, after our arrival, he was arranging his establishment, when, by a fresh mandate from the emperor, we were required to prepare with all possible expedition for our departure from the Chinese dominions. On Monday we received an order to leave Pekin the ensuing Wednesday; and all our remonstrances could procure only a delay of two days. Various causes were assigned for this peremptory order, and, among the rest, my unlucky accident was mentioned. However improbable it might seem that such a trifle could have had so great an effect, the idea was credited by many of my companions; and I saw that I was looked upon with an evil eye.

I suffered extremely. I have often observed that even remorse, for my past negligence, has tended to encrease the original defect of my character. During our whole journey from Pekin to Canton, my sorrow for the late accident was an excuse to myself for neglecting to make either notes or observations. When we arrived at Canton, my time was taken up with certain commissions for my friends at home; which I had delayed to execute while at Pekin, from the idea that we should spend the whole winter there. The trunks were on board before all my commissions were ready, and I was obliged to pack up several toys and other articles in a basket. As to my papers, they still remained in the canvas bag into which I had stuffed them at Jehol: but I was certain of having leisure, during our voyage home, to arrange them, and to post my notes into Locke's common place-book.

At the beginning of the voyage, however, I suffered much from sea-sickness:

toward the middle of the time I grew better, and indulged myself in the amusement of fishing while the weather was fine. When the weather was not inviting to idleness, innumerable other petty causes of delay occurred: there was so much eating and drinking, so much singing and laughing, and such frequent card-playing in the cabin, that, though I produced my canvas bag above a hundred times, I never could accomplish sorting its contents: indeed, I seldom proceeded farther than to untie the strings.

One day I had the state cabin fairly to myself, and had really begun my work, when the steward came to let me know that my Chinese basket was just washed overboard. In this basket were all the presents and commissions which I had bought at Canton for my friends at home. I ran to the cabin window, and had the mortification to see all my beautiful scarlet calibash boxes, the fan for my cousin Lucy, and the variety of toys, which I had bought for my little cousins, all floating on the sea

far out of my reach. I had been warned before that the basket would be washed overboard, and had intended to put it in a safe place; but, unluckily, I delayed to do so.

I was so much vexed by this accident that I could not go on with my writing: if it had not been for this interruption, I do believe I should that day have accomplished my long postponed task. I will not, indeed I cannot, record all the minute causes which afterward prevented my executing my intentions. The papers were still in the same disorder, stuffed into the canvas bag, when I arrived in England. I promised myself that I would sort them the very day after I got home; but visits of congratulation from my friends, upon my return, induced me to delay doing any thing for the first week. The succeeding week, I had a multiplicity of engagements; all my acquaintance, curious to hear a man converse who was fresh from China, invited me to dinner and tea parties; and I could not possibly

refuse these kind invitations, and shut myself up in my room, like a hackney author, to write. My father often urged me to begin my quarto; for he knew that other gentlemen, who went out with the embassy, designed to write the history of the voyage; and he, being a bookseller, and used to the ways of authors, foresaw what would happen. A fortnight after we came home, the following advertisement appeared in the papers: 'Now in the press, 'and speedily will be published, a Narra-'tive of the British Embassy to China, 'containing the various circumstances of 'the Embassy; with accounts of Cus-'toms and Manners of the Chinese; and 'a description of the Country, Towns, Cities, &c. &c.'

I never saw my poor father turn so pale or look so angry as when he saw this advertisement: he handed it across the breakfast-table to me.

'There, Basil,' cried he, 'I told you what would happen, and you would not believe me. But this is the way you have served

me all your life, and this is the way you will go on to the day of your death, putting things off till to-morrow! This is the way you have lost every opportunity of distinguishing yourself; every chance, and you have had many, of advancing yourself in the world! What signifies all I have done for you, or all you can do for yourself? Your genius and education are of no manner of use! Why, there is that heavy dog, as you used to call him at Eaton, Johnson: look how he is getting on in the world, by mere dint of application and sticking steadily to his profession. He will beat you at every thing, as he beat you at Eaton in writing verses.'

'Only in copying them, Sir. My verses, every body said, were far better than his; only, unluckily, I had not mine finished and copied out in time.'

'Well, Sir, and that is the very thing I complain of. I suppose you will tell me that your Voyage to China will be far better than this which is advertised this morning.'

'To be sure it will, father; for I have had opportunities, and collected materials, which this man, whoever he is, cannot possibly have obtained. To say nothing of my own abilities, I have had such assistance, such information from my friend the missionary——'

'But what signifies your missionary, your information, your abilities, and your materials?' cried my father, raising his voice: 'Your book is not out, your book will never be finished: or it will be done too late, and nobody will read it; and then you may throw it into the fire. Here you have an opportunity of establishing your fame, and making yourself a great author at once; and, if you throw it away, Basil, I give you fair notice I never will pardon you.'

I promised my father that I would set about my work *to-morrow*; and pacified him by repeating that this hasty publication, which had just been advertised, must be a catch-penny, and that it would serve only to stimulate instead of satisfying the

public curiosity. My quarto, I said, would appear afterward with a much better grace, and would be sought for by every person of science, taste, and literature.

Soothed by these assurances, my father recovered his good-humour, and trusted to my promise that I would commence my great work the ensuing day. I was fully in earnest. I went to my canvas bag to prepare my materials. Alas, I found them in a terrible condition! The sea water, somehow or other, had got to them during the voyage; and many of my most precious documents were absolutely illegible. The notes, written in pencil, were almost effaced, and, when I had smoothed the crumpled scraps, I could make nothing of them. It was with the utmost difficulty I could read even those that were written in ink; they were so villainously scrawled and so terribly blotted. When I had made out the words, I was often at a loss for the sense, because I had trusted so much to the excellence of my memory that

my notes were never either sufficiently full or accurate. Ideas which I had thought could never be effaced from my mind were now totally forgotten, and I could not comprehend my own mysterious elliptical hints and memorandums. I remember spending two hours in trying to make out what the following words could mean: *Hoy—alla—hoya ;—hoya, hoya,—hoy—waudi hoya.*

At last, I recollected that they were merely the sounds of the words used by the Chinese sailors, in towing the junks, and I was much provoked at having wasted my time in trying to remember what was not worth recording. Another day I was puzzled by the following memorandum: 'W: C: 30 f. h.—24b—1200 m—l—mandarine—C. tradition—2000—200 before J. C.—' which, after three quarters of an hour's study I discovered to mean that the wall of China is 30 feet high, 24 feet broad, and 120 miles long; and that a mandarine told me that, according to Chinese tradi-

tion, this wall had been built above 2000 years, that is, 200 before the birth of our Saviour.

On another scrap of paper, at the very bottom of the bag, I found the words, 'Wheazou—Chanchin—Cuaboocow—Caungchumfoa—Callachottueng—Quanshanglin—Callachotre shansu,' &c. all which I found to be a list of towns and villages through which we had passed, or palaces that we had seen; but how to distinguish these asunder I knew not, for all recollection of them was obliterated from my mind, and no farther notes respecting them were to be found.

After many days tiresome attempts, I was obliged to give up all hopes of decyphering the most important of my notes; those which I had made from the information of the French missionary. Most of what I had trusted so securely to my memory was defective in some slight circumstances, which rendered the whole useless. My materials for my quarto shrunk into a very small compass. I flattered myself,

however, that the elegance of my composition, and the moral and political reflections with which I intended to intersperse the work, would compensate for the paucity of facts in my narrative. That I might devote my whole attention to the business of writing, I determined to leave London, where I met with so many temptations to idleness, and set off to pay a visit to my uncle Lowe, who lived in the country in a retired part of England. He was a farmer, a plain, sensible, affectionate man; and as he had often invited me to come and see him, I made no doubt that I should be an agreeable guest. I had intended to have written a few lines the week before I set out, to say that I was coming; but I put it off till at last I thought that it would be useless, because I should get there as soon as my letter.

I had soon reason to regret that I had been so negligent; for my appearance at my uncle's, instead of creating that general joy which I had expected, threw the whole house into confusion. It happened

that there was company in the house, and all the beds were occupied: while I was taking off my boots I had the mortification to hear my aunt Lowe say, in a voice of mingled distress and reproach. 'Come! is he?—My goodness! What shall we do for a bed?—How could he think of coming without writing a line before-hand. My goodness! I wish he was a hundred miles off, I'm sure.'

My uncle shook hands with me, and welcomed me to old England again, and to his house; which, he said, should always be open to all his relations. I saw that he was not pleased; and, as he was a man who, according to the English phrase, scorned *to keep a thing long upon his mind*, he let me know, before he had finished his first glass of ale to my good health, that he was *inclinable to take it very unkind indeed* that, after all he had said about my writing a letter now and then, just to say how I did, and how I was going on, I had never put pen to paper to answer one of his letters since the day I first pro-

mised to write, which was the day I went to Eton school till this present time of speaking. I had no good apology to make for myself, but I attempted all manner of excuses; that I had put off writing from day to day, and from year to year, till I was ashamed to write at all; that it was not from want of affection, &c. &c. &c.

My uncle took up his pipe and puffed away, while I spoke; and, when I had said all that I could devise, I sat silent; for I saw, by the looks of all present, that I had not mended the matter. My aunt pursed up her mouth, and 'wondered, if she must tell the plain truth, that so great a scholar as Mr. Basil could not, when it must give him so little trouble to indite a letter, write a few lines to an uncle, who had begged it so often, and who had ever been a good friend.'

'Say nothing of that,' said my uncle:— 'I scorn to have that put into account. I loved the boy, and all I could do was done of course: that's nothing to the purpose; but the longest day I have to live I'll ne-

ver trouble him with begging a letter from him no more. For now I see he does not care a fig for me; and of course I do not care a fig for he. Lucy, hold up your head, girl; and don't look as if you were going to be hanged.'

My cousin Lucy was the only person present who seemed to have any compassion for me; and, as I lifted up my eyes to look at her when her father spoke, she appeared to me quite beautiful. I had always thought her a pretty girl, but she never struck me as any thing very extraordinary till this moment. I was very sorry that I had offended my uncle: I saw he was seriously displeased, and that his pride, of which he had a large portion, had conquered his affection for me. ''Tis easier to lose a friend than gain one, young man,' said he, 'and take my word for it, as this world goes, 'tis a foolish thing to lose a friend for want of writing a letter or so. Here's seven years I have been begging a letter, now and then, and could not get one. Never wrote a line to me

before you went to China; should not have known a word about it but for my wife, who met you by mere chance in London, and gave you some little commissions for the children, which it seems you forgot till it was too late. Then, after you came back, never wrote to me.'

'And even not to write a line to give one notice of his coming here to-night,' added my aunt.

'Oh, as to that,' replied my uncle, he can never find our larder at a non-plus: we have no dishes for him dressed Chinese fashion; but as to roast beef of old England, which, I take it, is worth all the foreign meats, he is welcome to it, and to as much of it as he pleases. I shall always be glad to see him as an acquaintance, and so forth, as a good christian ought; but not as the favourite he used to be—that is out of the question; for things cannot be both done and undone, and time that's past cannot come back again, that is clear; and cold water thrown on a warm heart put's it out; and there's an

end of the matter.—Lucy, bring me my night-cap.'

Lucy, I think, sighed once; and I am sure I sighed above a dozen times; but my uncle put on his red night-cap, and heeded us not. I was in hopes that the next morning he would have been better disposed toward me after having slept off his anger. The moment that I appeared in the morning the children, who had been in bed when I arrived the preceding night, crowded round me; and one cried,

'Cousin Basil, have you brought me the tumbler you promised me from China?'

'Cousin Basil, where's my boat?'

'Oh, Basil, did you bring me the calibash-box that you promised me?'

'And pray,' cried my aunt, 'did you bring my Lucy the fan that she commissioned you to get?'

'No, I'll warrant,' said my uncle. 'He that cannot bring himself to write a letter in the course of seven years, to his friends, will not be apt to trouble his head about

their foolish commissions, when he is in foreign parts.'

Though I was abashed and vexed, I summoned sufficient courage to reply that I had not neglected to execute the commissions of any of my friends; but that, by an unlucky accident, the basket into which I had packed all their things was washed overboard.'

'Hum!' said my uncle.

'And pray,' said my aunt, 'why were they all packed in a basket? Why were not they put into your trunks, where they might have been safe?'

I was obliged to confess that I had delayed to purchase them till after we left Pekin; and that the trunks were put on board before they were all procured at Canton. My vile habit of procrastination! How did I suffer for it at this moment! Lucy began to make excuses for me, which made me blame myself the more: she said that, as to her fan, it would have been of little or no use to

her; that she was sure she should have broken it before it had been a week in her possession; and that, therefore, she was glad that she had it not. The children were clamorous in their grief for the loss of the boat, the tumbler, and the calibash boxes; but Lucy contrived to quiet them in time, and to make my peace with all the younger part of the family. To re-instate me in my uncle's good graces was impossible; he would only repeat to her—'The young man has lost my good opinion; he will never do any good. From a child upward he has always put off doing every thing he ought to do. He will never do any good; he will never be any thing.'

My aunt was not my friend, because she suspected that Lucy liked me; and she thought her daughter might do much better than marry a man who had quitted the profession to which he was bred, and was, as it seemed, little likely to settle to any other. My pretensions to genius and my literary qualifications were of no advantage to me, either with my uncle or my

aunt; the one being *only* a good farmer, and the other *only* a good house-wife.—They contented themselves with asking me, coolly, what I had ever made by being an author? And, when I was forced to answer, *nothing*, they smiled upon me in scorn. My pride was roused, and I boasted that I expected to receive at least 600l. for my voyage to China, which I hoped to complete in a few weeks. My aunt looked at me with astonishment; and, to prove to her that I was not passing the bounds of truth, I added that one of my travelling companions had, as I was credibly informed, received a thousand pounds for his narrative, to which mine would certainly be far superior.'

'When it is done, and when you have the money in your hand to shew us, I shall believe you,' said my aunt; 'and then, and not till then, you may begin to think of my Lucy.

'He shall never have her,' said my uncle; he will never come to good. He shall never have her.'

The time which I ought to have spent in composing my quarto I now wasted in fruitless endeavours to recover the good graces of my uncle. Love, assisted as usual by the spirit of opposition, took possession of my heart; and how can a man in love write quartos? I became more indolent than ever, for I persuaded myself that no exertions could overcome my uncle's prejudice against me; and, without his approbation, I despaired of ever obtaining Lucy's hand.

During my stay at my uncle's, I received several letters from my father, enquiring how my work went on, and urging me to proceed as rapidly as possible, lest another voyage to China, which it was reported was now composing by a gentleman of high reputation, should come out and preclude mine for ever. I cannot account for my folly; the power of habit is imperceptible to those who submit passively to its tyranny. From day to day I continued procrastinating, and sighing, till at last the fatal news came that Sir George Staun-

ton's history of the Embassy to China, in two volumes quarto, was actually published.

There was an end of all my hopes. I left my uncle's house in despair; I dreaded to see my father. He overwhelmed me with well-merited reproaches. All his expectations of my success in life were disappointed; he was now convinced that I should never make my talents useful to myself or to my family. A settled melancholy appeared in his countenance; he soon ceased to urge me to any exertion, and I idled away my time, deploring that I could not marry my Lucy, and resolving upon a thousand schemes for advancing myself, but always delaying their execution till to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

The Resolution that conquers a bad Habit must be uncommonly Strong.

TWO years passed away in this manner; about the end of which time my

poor father died. I cannot describe the mixed sensations of grief and self-reproach which I felt at his death. I knew that I had never fulfilled his sanguine prophecies, and that disappointment had long preyed upon his spirits. This was a severe shock to me: I was roused from a state of stupefaction by the necessity of acting as my father's executor.

Among his bequests was one which touched me particularly, because I was sensible that it was made from kindness to me. "I give and bequeath the full-length picture of my son Basil, taken when a boy (a very promising boy) at Eton school, to my brother, Lowe. I should say to my sweet niece, Lucy Lowe, but am afraid of giving offence."

I sent the picture to my uncle Lowe, with a copy of the words of the will, and a letter written in the bitterness of grief. My uncle, who was of an affectionate though positive temper, returned me the following answer:

"DEAR NEPHEW BASIL:

"Taking it for granted you feel as much as I do, it being natural you should, and even more, I shall not refuse to let my Lucy have the picture bequeathed to me by my good brother, who could not offend me dying, never having done so living. As to you, Basil, this is no time for reproaches, which would be cruel; but, without meaning to look back to the past, I must add that I mean nothing by giving the picture to Lucy but respect for my poor brother's memory. My opinions remaining as heretofore, I think it a duty to my girl to be steady in my determination; convinced that no man (not meaning you in particular) of what I call a *putting-off* temper, could make her happy, she being too mild to scold and bustle, and do the man's business in a family. This is the whole of my mind without malice; for how could I, if I were malicious, which I am not, bear malice, and at such a time as this, against my own nephew; and as to anger that is soon over with me; and though I said I never would forgive you, Basil, for not writing to me for seven years, I do now forgive you with all my heart. So let that be off your conscience. And now I hope we shall be very good friends all the rest of our lives; that is to say, putting Lucy out of the question; for, in my opinion, it is a disagreeable thing to have any bickerings between near relations. So, my dear nephew, wishing you all health and happiness, I hope you will now settle to business. My wife tells me she hears you

are left in a good way by my poor brother's care and industry; and she sends her love to you, in which all the family unites; and, hoping you will write from time to time, I remain,

My dear nephew, Basil,

Your affectionate uncle,

THOMAS LOWE."

My aunt Lowe added a postscript, enquiring more particularly into the state of my affairs. I answered, by return of post, that my good father had left me much richer than I either expected or deserved: his credit in the bookseller's line was extensive and well established; his shop was well furnished, and he had a considerable sum of money in bank, beside many *good* debts due from authors, to whom he had advanced cash.

My aunt Lowe was governed by her interest as decidedly as my uncle was swayed by his humour and affection; and, of course, became more favourable toward me, when she found that my fortune was better than she had expected. She wrote to exhort me to attend to my busi-

ness, and to prove to my uncle that I could cure myself of my negligent habits. She promised to befriend me, and to do every thing to obtain my uncle's consent to my union with Lucy, upon condition that I would for six months steadily persevere, or, as she expressed herself, *shew that I could come to good.*

The motive was powerful, sufficiently powerful to conquer the force of inveterate habit. I applied resolutely to business, and supported the credit which my father's punctuality had obtained from his customers. During the course of six entire months, I am not conscious of having neglected or delayed to do any thing of consequence that I ought to have done, except whetting my razor. My aunt Lowe faithfully kept her word with me, and took every opportunity of representing, in the most favourable manner to my uncle, the reformation that love had wrought in my character.

I went to the country, full of hope, at the end of my six probationary months,

My uncle, however, with a mixture of obstinacy and good-sense, replied to my aunt in my presence: 'This reformation that you talk of, wife, won't last. 'Twas begun by love, as *you* say; and will end with love, as *I* say. You and I know, my dear, love lasts little longer than the honey-moon; and Lucy is not, or ought not to be, such a simpleton as to look only to what a husband will be for one short month of his life, when she is to live with him for twenty, thirty, may be forty long years; and no help for it, let him turn out what he will. I beg your pardon, nephew Basil; but, where my Lucy's happiness is at stake, I must speak my mind as a father should. My opinion, Lucy, is, that he is not a whit changed; and so I now let you understand, if you marry the man, it must be without my consent.'

Lucy turned exceedingly pale, and I grew extremely angry. My uncle had, as usual, recourse to his pipe; and, to all the eloquence which love and indignation

could inspire, he would only answer, between the whiffs of his smoking, if my girl marries you, nephew Basil, I say she must do so without my consent.

Lucy's affection for me struggled for some time with her sense of duty to her father; her mother supported my cause with much warmth; having once declared in my favour, she considered herself as bound to maintain her side of the question. It became a trial of power between my uncle and aunt; and their passions rose so high in the conflict that Lucy trembled for the consequences.

One day she took an opportunity of speaking to me in private. 'My dear Basil,' said she, 'we must part. You see that I can never be your's with my father's consent; and without it I could never be happy, even in being united to you. I will not be the cause of misery to all those whom I love best in the world. I will not set my father and mother at variance. I cannot bear to hear the alterca-

tions, which rise higher and higher between them every day. Let us part, and all will be right again.'

It was in vain that I combated her resolution; I alternately resented and deplored the weakness which induced Lucy to sacrifice her own happiness and mine to the obstinate prejudices of a father; yet I could not avoid respecting her the more for adhering to what she believed to be her duty. The sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and filial piety, which she shewed on this trying occasion, endeared her to me beyond expression.

Her father, notwithstanding his determination to be as immoveable as a rock, began to manifest symptoms of internal agitation; and one night, after breaking his pipe, and throwing down the tongs and poker twice, which Lucy twice replaced, he exclaimed, 'Lucy, girl, you are a fool! and, what is worse, you are grown into a mere shadow. You are breaking my heart. Why I know this man, this Basil, this cursed nephew of

mine, will never come to good. But cannot you marry him without my consent?'

Upon this hint Lucy's scruples vanished; and, a few days afterward, we were married. Prudence, virtue, pride, love, every strong motive which can act upon the human mind, stimulated me to exert myself to prove that I was worthy of this most amiable woman. A year passed away, and my Lucy said that she had no reason to repent of her choice. She took the most affectionate pains to convince her father that she was perfectly happy, and that he had judged of me too harshly. His delight, at seeing his daughter happy, vanquished his reluctance to acknowledge that he had changed his opinion. I never shall forget the pleasure I felt at hearing him confess that he had been too positive, and that his Lucy had made a good match for herself.

Alas! when I had obtained this testimony in my favour, when I had established a character for exertion and punctuality,

I began to relax in my efforts to deserve it; I indulged myself in my old habits of procrastination. My customers and country correspondents began to complain that their letters were unanswered, and that their orders were neglected. Their remonstrances became more and more urgent in process of time; and nothing but actually seeing the dates of their letters could convince me that they were in the right, and I was in the wrong. An old friend of my father's, a rich gentleman, who loved books and bought all that were worth buying, sent me, in March, an order for books to a considerable amount. In April he wrote to remind me of his first letter.

April 3.

"My dear Sir,

"Last month I wrote to request that you would send me the following books:—I have been much disappointed by not receiving them; and I request you will be so good as to forward them *immediately*.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your's sincerely,

J. C."

In May he wrote to me again.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am much surprised at not having yet received the books I wrote for last March—beg to know the cause of this delay; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

J. C."

A fortnight afterward, as I was packing up the books for this gentleman, I received the following:

"SIR,

"As it is now above a quarter of a year since I wrote to you for books, which you have not yet sent to me, I have been obliged to apply to another bookseller.

"I am much concerned at being compelled to this: I had a great regard for your father, and would not willingly break off my connexion with his son; bnt really you have tried my patience too far. Last year I never had from you any one new publication, until it was in the hands of all my neighbours; and I have often been under the necessity of borrowing books, which I had bespoken from you months before. I hope you will take this as a

warning, and that you will not use any of your other friends as you have used,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

J. C."

This reprimand had little effect upon me, because at the time when I received it I was intent upon an object, in comparison with which the trade of a bookseller appeared absolutely below my consideration. I was inventing a set of new taxes for the minister, for which I expected to be liberally rewarded. Like many men of genius, I was always disposed to think that my fortune was to be made by some extraordinary exertion of talent, instead of the vulgar means of daily industry. I was ever searching for some *short cut* to the temple of fame, instead of following the beaten road.

I was much encouraged, by persons intimately connected with those high in power, to hope that my new taxes would be adopted; and I spent my time in at-

tendance upon my patrons, leaving the care of my business to my foreman; a a young man whose head the whole week was intent upon riding out on Sunday. With such a master and such a foreman affairs could not go on well.

My Lucy, notwithstanding her great respect for my abilities, and her confidence in my promises, often hinted that she feared ministers might not at last make me amends for the time I devoted to my system of taxation; but I persisted. The file of unanswered letters was filled even to the top of the wire; the drawer of unsettled accounts made me sigh profoundly, whenever it was accidentally opened. I soon acquired a horror of business, and practised all the arts of apology, evasion, and invisibility, to which procrastinators must sooner or later be reduced. My conscience gradually became callous; and I could, without compunction, promise, with a face of truth, to settle an account *to-morrow*, without having the slightest hope of keeping my word.

I was a publisher, as well as a bookseller, and was assailed by a tribe of rich and poor authors. The rich complained continually of delays that affected their fame; the poor of delays that concerned their interest, and sometimes their very existence. I was cursed with a compassionate as well as with a procrastinating temper; and I frequently advanced money to my poor authors, to compensate for my neglect to settle their accounts, and to free myself from the torment of their reproaches.

They soon learned to take a double advantage of my virtues and my vices. The list of my poor authors encreased, for I was an encourager of genius. I trusted to my own judgment concerning every performance that was offered to me; and I was often obliged to pay for having neglected to read, or to send to press, these multifarious manuscripts. After having kept a poor devil of an author upon the tenter-hooks of expectation for an unconscionable time, I could not say to him,

"Sir, I have never opened your manuscript: there it is, in that heap of rubbish; take it away for heaven-sake." No, hardened as I was, I never failed to make some compliment, or some retribution; and my compliments were often in the end the most expensive species of retribution.

My rich authors soon deserted me, and hurt my credit in the circles of literary fashion, by their clamours. I had ample experience, yet I have never been able to decide whether I would rather meet the "desperate misery" of a famishing pamphleteer, or the exasperated vanity of a rich *amateur*. Every one of my authors seemed convinced that the fate of Europe, or the salvation of the world, depended upon the publication of their book on some particular day: while I all the time was equally persuaded that their works were mere trash, in comparison with my new system of taxation; consequently, I postponed their business, and pursued my favourite tax scheme.

I have the pride and pleasure to say that all my taxes were approved and adopted, and brought in an immense encrease of revenue to the state; but I have the mortification to be obliged to add that I never, directly or indirectly, received the slightest pecuniary reward; and the credit of all I had proposed was snatched from me by a rogue, who had no other merit than that of being shaved sooner than I was one frosty morning. If I had not put off whetting my razor the preceding day, this would not have happened. To such a trifling instance of my unfortunate habit of procrastination must I attribute one of the most severe disappointments of my life. A rival financier, who laid claim to the prior invention and suggestion of my principal taxes, was appointed to meet me at the house of my great man at ten o'clock in the morning. My opponent was punctual, I was half an hour too late: his claims were established; mine were rejected, because I was not present to produce my proofs. When I

arrived at my patron's door, the insolent porter shut the door in my face; and so ended all hopes from my grand system of taxation.

I went home and shut myself up in my room, to give vent to my grief at leisure; but I was not permitted to indulge my sorrow long in peace. I was summoned by my foreman to come down stairs to one of my enraged authors, who positively refused to quit the shop without seeing me. Of the whole irritable race, the man who was now waiting to see me was the most violent. He was a man of some genius and learning, with great pretensions and a vindictive spirit. He was poor, yet lived among the rich; and his arrogance could be equalled only by his susceptibility. He was known in our house by the name of *Thaumaturgos, the retailer of wonders,* because he had sent me a manuscript with this title; and once or twice a week we received a letter or message from him, to enquire when it would be published. I had unfortunately mislaid

this precious manuscript. Under this circumstance, to meet the author was almost as dreadful as to stand the shot of a pistol. Down stairs I went, unprovided with any apology.

'Sir,' cried my angry man, suppressing his passion, 'as you do not find it worth your while to publish *Thaumaturgos*, you will be so obliging as to let me have my manuscript."

'Pardon me, my dear Sir,' interrupted I; 'it shall certainly appear this spring.'

'Spring! Zounds, Sir, don't talk to me of spring. Why you told me it should be out at Christmas; you said it should be out last June; you promised to send it to press before last Easter. Is this the way I am to be treated?'

'Pardon me, my dear Sir. I confess I have used you and the world very ill; but the pressure of business must plead my apology.'

'Look you, Mr. Basil Lowe, I am not come here to listen to common-place excuses. I have been ill used, and know it;

and the world shall know it. I am not ignorant of the designs of my enemies; but no cabal shall succeed against me. Thaumaturgos shall not be suppressed! Thaumaturgos shall see the light! Thaumaturgos shall have justice, in spite of all the machinations of malice. Sir, I demand my manuscript.'

'Sir, it shall be sent to you to-morrow.'

'To-morrow, Sir, will not do for me. I have heard of to-morrow from you this twelvemonth past. I will have my manuscript to-day. I do not leave this spot without Thaumaturgos.'

Thus driven to extremities, I was compelled to confess that I could not immediately lay my hand upon it; but I added that the whole house should be searched for it instantly. It is impossible to describe the indignation which my author expressed. I ran away to search the house. He followed me, and stood by while I rummaged in drawers and boxes full of papers, and tossed over heaps of manuscripts. No Thaumaturgos could be

found. The author declared that he had no copy of the manuscript; that he had been offered 500l. for it by another bookseller; and that, for his own part, he would not lose it for twice that sum. Lost, however, it evidently was. He stalked out of my house, bidding me prepare to abide by the consequences. I racked my memory in vain, to discover what I had done with this bundle of wonders. I could recollect only that I carried it a week in my great coat pocket, resolving every day to lock it up; and that I went to the Mount coffee-house in this coat several times. These recollections were of little use.

A suit was instituted against me for the value of Thaumaturgos; and the damages were modestly laid by the author at eight hundred guineas. The cause was highly interesting to all the tribe of London booksellers and authors. The court was crowded at an early hour; several people of fashion, who were partisans of the plaintiff, appeared in the gallery: many

more, who were his enemies, attended on purpose to hear my counsel ridicule and abuse the pompous *Thaumaturgos*. I had great hopes, myself, that we might win the day: especially as the lawyer on the opposite side was my old competitor at Eton, that Johnson, whom I had always considered as a mere laborious drudge, and a very heavy fellow. How this heavy fellow got up in the world, and how he contrived to supply, by dint of study, the want of natural talents, I cannot tell; but this I know, to my cost, that he managed his client's cause so ably, and made a speech so full of sound law and clear sense, as effectually to decide the cause against me. I was condemned to pay £.500 damages, and costs of suit. Five hundred pounds lost, by delaying to lock up a bundle of papers! Every body pitied me, because the punishment seemed so disproportioned to the offence. The pity of every body, however, did not console me for the loss of my money.

CHAPTER V.

Where Decision and Firmness are wanting,
Genius itself is of little worth.

THE trial was published in the papers: my uncle Lowe read it, and all my credit with him was lost for ever. Lucy did not utter a syllable of reproach or complaint; but she used all her gentle influence to prevail upon me to lay aside the various schemes, which I had formed for making a rapid fortune, and urged me to devote my whole attention to my business.

The loss which I had sustained, though great, was not irremediable. I was moved more by my wife's kindness than I could have been by the most outrageous invective. But what is kindness, what is affection, what are the best resolutions, opposed to all-powerful habit? I put off settling my affairs till I had finished a pamphlet against government, which my friends and the critics assured me would

make my fortune, by attaching to my shop all the opposition members.

My pamphlet succeeded, was highly praised, and loudly abused; answers appeared, and I was called upon to provide rejoinders. Time thus passed away, and, while I was gaining fame, I every hour lost money. I was threatened with bankruptcy. I threw aside my pamphlets, and, in the utmost terror and confusion, began, too late, to look into my affairs. I now attempted too much: I expected to repair by bustle the effects of procrastination. The nervous anxiety of my mind prevented me from doing any thing well; whatever I was employed about appeared to me of less consequence than a hundred other things, which ought to be done. The letter that I was writing, or the account that I was settling, was but one of a multitude; which had all equal claims to be expedited immediately. My courage failed; I abandoned my business in despair. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against me; all my goods

were seized, and I became a prisoner in the King's Bench.

My wife's relations refused to give me any assistance; but her father offered to receive her and her little boy, on condition that she would part from me, and spend the remainder of her days with them. This she positively refused; and I never shall forget the manner of her refusal. Her character rose in adversity. With the utmost feminine gentleness and delicacy, she had a degree of courage and fortitude which I have seldom seen equalled in any of my own sex. She followed me to prison, and supported my spirits by a thousand daily instances of kindness. During eighteen months that she passed with me in a prison, which we then thought must be my abode for life, she never, by word or look, reminded me that I was the cause of our misfortunes: on the contrary, she drove this idea from my thoughts with all the address of female affection. I cannot, even at this distance of time, recall these things to memory without tears.

What a woman, what a wife had I reduced to distress! I never saw her, even in the first months of our marriage, so cheerful and so tender as at this period.—She seemed to have no existence but in me, and in our little boy; of whom she was doatingly fond. He was at this time about four years old, just able to run about and talk; his playful caresses, his thoughtless gaiety, and at times a certain tone of compassion for *poor papa* were very touching. Alas! he little foresaw . . . . .

But let me go on with my history, if I can, without anticipation.

Among my creditors was a Mr. Nun, a paper-maker, who, from his frequent dealings with me, had occasion to see something of my character and of my wife's; he admired her, and pitied me. He was in easy circumstances, and delighted in doing all the good in his power. One morning my Lucy came into my room with a face radiant with joy.

'My love,' said she, 'here is Mr. Nun below, waiting to see you; but he says he

will not see you till I have told you the good news. He has got all our creditors to enter into a compromise, and to set you at liberty.'

I was transported with joy and gratitude: our benevolent friend was waiting in a hackney-coach to carry us away from prison. When I began to thank him he stopped me with a blunt declaration that I was not a bit obliged to him; for that, if I had been a man of straw, he would have done just the same for the sake of my wife, whom he looked upon to be one or other the best woman he had ever seen, Mrs. Nun always excepted.

He proceeded to inform me how he had settled my affairs, and how he had obtained from my creditors a small allowance for the immediate support of myself and family. He had given up the third part of a considerable sum due to himself. As my own house was shut up, he insisted upon taking us home with him: 'Mrs. Nun,' he said, 'had provided a good dinner; and he must not have her ducks and

green peas upon the table, and no friends to eat them.

Never were ducks and green peas more acceptable; never was a dinner eaten with more appetite, or given with more good-will. I have often thought of this dinner, and compared the hospitality of this simple-hearted man with the ostentation of great folks, who give splendid entertainments to those who do not want them. In trifles and in matters of consequence this Mr. Nun was one of the most liberal and unaffectedly generous men I ever knew; but the generous actions of men in middle life are lost in obscurity. No matter. They do not act from the love of fame; they act from a better motive, and they have their reward in their own hearts.

As I was passing through Mr. Nun's warehouse, I was thinking of writing something on this subject; but whether it should be a poetic effusion, in the form of "*An Ode to him who least expects it,*" or a prose work, under the title of "*Modern Parallels,*" in the manner of Plutarch,

I had not decided, when I was roused from my reverie by my wife, who, pointing to a large bale of paper that was directed to "*Ezekiel Croft, Merchant, Philadelphia*," asked me if I knew that this gentleman was a very near relation of her mother? 'Is he indeed?' said Mr. Nun. 'Then I can assure you that you have a relation of whom you have no occasion to be ashamed; he is one of the most respectable merchants in Philadelphia.'

'He was not very rich when he left this country about six years ago,' said Lucy.

'He has a very good fortune now,' answered Mr. Nun.

'And has he made this very good fortune in six years?' cried I. 'My dear Lucy, I did not know that you had any relations in America. I have a great mind to go over there myself.'

'Away from all our friends!' said Lucy.

'I shall be ashamed,' replied I, 'to see them after all that has happened. A bankrupt cannot have many friends. The best thing that I can possibly do is to go over

to a new world, where I may establish a new character, and make a new fortune.'

'But we must not forget,' said Mr. Nun, 'that in the new world, as in the old one, a character and a fortune must be made by much the same means. And, forgive me if I add, the same bad habits that are against a man in one country will be as much against him in another.'

True, thought I, as I recollected at this instant my unfortunate voyage to China. But, now that the idea of going to America had come into my mind, I saw so many chances of success in my favour, and I felt so much convinced I should not relapse into my former faults, that I could not abandon the scheme. My Lucy consented to accompany me. She spent a week in the country with her father and friends, by my particular desire; and they did all they could to prevail upon her to stay with them, promising to take the best possible care of her and her little boy during my absence: but she steadily persisted in her determination to accompany her

husband. I was not too late in going on ship-board this time; and, during the whole voyage, I did not lose any of my goods; for, in the first place, I had very few goods to lose, and in the next, my wife took the entire charge of those few.

And now behold me safely landed at Philadelphia, with one hundred pounds in my pocket—a small sum of money; but many, from yet more trifling beginnings, had grown rich in America. My wife's relation, Mr. Croft, had not so much as I was told when he left England. Many passengers, who came over in the same ship with me, had not half so much. Several of them were, indeed, wretchedly poor.

Among others, there was an Irishman, who was known by the name of Barny, a contraction, I believe, for Barnaby. As to his sirname he could not undertake to spell it; but he assured me there was no better. This man, with many of his relatives, had come to England, according to their custom, during harvest time, to assist in reap-

ing, because they gain higher wages than in their own country. Barny heard that he should get still higher wages for labour in America, and accordingly he, and his two sons, lads of eighteen and twenty, took their passage for Philadelphia. A merrier mortal I never saw. We used to hear him upon deck, continually singing or whistling his Irish tunes; and I should never have guessed that this man's life had been a series of hardships and misfortunes.

When we were leaving the ship I saw him, to my great surprise, crying bitterly; and, upon enquiring what was the matter, he answered that it was not for himself, but for his sons, he was grieving, because they were to be made *Redemption-men.*—That is, they were to be bound to work, during a certain time, for the captain, or for whoever he pleased, till the money due for their passage should be paid. Though I was somewhat surprised at any one's thinking of coming on board a vessel without having one farthing in his pocket, yet I could not forbear paying the money

for this poor fellow. He dropped down on the deck upon both his knees as suddenly as if he had been shot, and, holding up his hands to heaven, prayed, first in Irish, and then in English, with fervent fluency, that "I and mine might never want; that I might live long to reign over him; that success might attend my honour wherever I went; and that I might enjoy for evermore all sorts of blessings and crowns of glory." As I had an English prejudice in favour of silent gratitude, I was rather disgusted by all this eloquence; I turned away abruptly, and got into the boat which waited to carry me to shore.

As we rowed away I looked at my wife and child, and reproached myself with having indulged in the luxury of generosity perhaps at their expence.

My wife's relation, Mr. Croft, received us better than she expected, and worse than I hoped. He had the face of an acute money-making man; his manners were methodical; caution was in his eye, and

prudence in all his motions. In our first half hour's conversation he convinced me that he deserved the character he had obtained, of being upright and exact in all his dealings. His ideas were just and clear, but confined to the objects immediately relating to his business; as to his heart, he seemed to have no notion of general philanthropy, but to have perfectly learned by rote his duty to his neighbour. He appeared disposed to do charitable and good-natured actions from reason, and not from feeling; because they were proper, not merely because they were agreeable. I felt that I should respect, but never love him; and that he would never either love or respect me, because the virtue which he held in the highest veneration was that in which I was most deficient—punctuality.

But I will give, as nearly as I can, my first conversation with him; and from that a better idea of his character may be formed than I can afford by any description.

I presented to him Mr. Nun's letter of introduction, and mentioned that my wife had the honor of being related to him. He perused Mr. Nun's letter very slowly. I was determined not to leave him in any doubt, respecting who and what I was; and I briefly told him the particulars of my history. He listened with immoveable attention; and when I had finished he said 'You have not yet told me what your views are in coming to America.'

I replied, 'that my plans were not yet fixed.'

'But of course,' said he, 'you cannot have left home without forming some plan for the future. May I ask what line of life you mean to pursue?'

I answered, 'that I was undetermined, and meant to be guided by circumstances.'

'Circumstances!' said he. 'May I request you to explain yourself more fully? for I do not precisely understand to what circumstances you allude.'

I was provoked with the man for being

so slow of apprehension: but, when driven to the necessity of explaining, I found that I did not myself understand what I meant.

I changed my ground; and, lowering my tone of confidence, said that, as I was totally ignorant of the country, I should wish to be guided by the advice of better informed persons; and that I begged leave to address myself to him, as having had the most successful experience.'

After a considerable pause he replied, 'it was a hazardous thing to give advice; but that, as my wife was his relation, and as he held it a duty to assist his relations, he should not decline giving me—all the advice in his power.

I bowed, and felt chilled all over by his manner.

'And not only my advice,' continued he, 'but my assistance—in reason.'

I said, 'I was much obliged to him.'

'Not in the least, young man; you are not in the least obliged to me yet, for I have done nothing for you.'

This was true, and not knowing what to say, I was silent.

'And that which I may be able to do for you in future must depend as much upon yourself as upon me. In the first place, before I can give any advice, I must know what you are worth in the world?'

My worth in money, I told him, with a forced smile, was but very trifling indeed. With some hesitation, I named the sum.

'And you have a wife and child to support!' said he, shaking his head. 'And your child is too young and your wife too delicate to work. They will be sad burthens upon your hands; these are not the things for America. Why did you bring them with you? But, as that is done, and cannot be mended,' continued he, 'we must make the best of it, and support them. You say you are ignorant of the country. I must explain to you then how money is to be made here, and by whom. The class of labourers make money readily, if they are industrious; because they

have high wages and constant employment: artificers and mechanics, carpenters, ship-wrights, wheel-wrights, smiths, bricklayers, masons, get rich here, without difficulty, from the same causes; but all these things are out of the question for you. You have head, not hands, I perceive. Now mere head, in the line of bookmaking or bookselling, brings in but poor profit in this country. The sale for imported books is extensive; and our printers are doing something by subscription here, in Philadelphia, and in New-York, they tell me. But London is the place for a good bookseller to thrive; and you come from London, where you tell me you were a bankrupt. I would not advise you to have any thing more to do with bookselling or bookmaking. Then, as to becoming a planter—Our planters, if they are skilful and laborious, thrive well; but you have not capital sufficient to clear land and build a house; or hire servants to do the work for which you are not yourself sufficiently robust. Be-

sides, I do not imagine you know much of agricultural concerns, or country business; and even to oversee and guide others experience is necessary. The life of a back-settler I do not advise, because you and your wife are not equal to it. You are not accustomed to live in a log-house, or to feed upon racoons and squirrels: not to omit the constant dread, if not imminent danger, of being burnt in your beds, or scalped, by the Indians with whom you would be surrounded. Upon the whole, I see no line of life that promises well for you but that of a merchant; and I see no means of your getting into this line without property and without credit, except by going into some established house as a clerk. You are a good penman and ready accountant, I think you tell me; and I presume you have a sufficient knowledge of book-keeping. With sobriety, diligence, and honesty, you may do well in this way; and may look forward to being a partner, and in a lucrative situation, some years hence.

This is the way I managed, and rose myself by degrees to what you see. It is true, I was not at first encumbered with a wife and young child. In due time, I married my master's daughter, which was a great furtherance to me; but then, on the other hand, your wife is my relation; and to be married to the relation of a rich merchant is next best to not being married at all, in your situation. I told you I thought it my duty to proffer assistance as well as advice: so take up your abode with me for a fortnight: in that time I shall be able to judge whether you are capable of being a clerk; and, if you and I should suit, we will talk farther. You understand that I enter into no engagement, and make no promises; but shall be glad to lodge you and your wife, and little boy, for a fortnight: and it will be your own fault, and must be your own loss, if the visit turns out waste of time.— I cannot stay to talk to you any longer at present,' added he, pulling out his watch, 'for I have business, and business waits for

no man. Go back to your inn for my relation, and her little one. We dine at two precisely.'

I left Mr. Croft's house with a vague indescribable feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointment; but, when I arrived at my inn, and repeated all that had passed to my wife, she seemed quite surprised and delighted by the civil and friendly manner in which this gentleman had behaved. The reception he had given me was much warmer than she had expected, and much cooler than I had hoped it would have been. She reasoned the matter with me; but there is no reasoning with imagination.

The fact was Mr. Croft had destroyed certain vague and visionary ideas, that I had indulged, of making, by some unknown means, a rapid fortune in America; and to be reduced to real life, and sink into a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, was mortification and misery. Lucy, in vain, dwelt upon the advantage of having found, immediately upon my

arrival in Philadelphia, a certain mode of employment; and a probability of rising to be a partner in one of the first mercantile houses, if I went on steadily for a few years. I was forced to acknowledge that her relation was very good; that I was certainly very fortunate; and that I ought to think myself very much obliged to Mr. Croft. But, after avowing all this, I walked up and down the room in melancholy reverie for a considerable length of time. My wife reminded me repeatedly that Mr. Croft said he dined precisely at two o'clock; that he was a very punctual man; that it was a long walk, as I had found it, from the inn to his house; that I had better dress myself for dinner; and that my clean shirt and cravat were ready for me. I still walked up and down the room in reverie till my wife was completely ready, had dressed the child, and held up my watch before my eyes to shew me that it wanted but ten minutes of two. I then began to dress in the greatest hurry imaginable; and, unluckily, as I was pul-

ling on my silk stockings, I tore a hole in the leg, or, as my wife expressed it, a stitch dropped, and I was forced to wait while she repaired the evil. Certainly this operation of *taking up a stitch*, as I am instructed to call it, is one of the slowest operations in nature; or rather, one of the most tedious and teizing manœuvres of art. Though the most willing and the most dextrous fingers that ever touched a needle were employed in my service, I thought the work would never be finished.

At last, I was *hosed* and shod, and out we set. It struck a quarter past two as we left the house; we came to Mr. Croft's in the middle of dinner. He had a large company at table; every body was disturbed; My Lucy was a stranger to Mrs. Croft, and was to be introduced; and nothing could be more awkward and embarrassing than our *entrée* and introduction. There was such compliments and apologies, such changing of places, such shuffling of chairs, and running about of

servants, that I thought we should never be seated.

In the midst of the bustle my little chap began to roar most horribly, and to struggle to get away from a black servant, who was helping him up on his chair. The child's terror at the sudden approach of the negro could not be conquered, nor could he by any means be quieted. Mrs. Croft, at last, ordered the negro out of the room, the roaring ceased, and nothing but the child's sobs were heard for some instants.

The guests were all silent, and had ceased eating; Mrs. Croft was vexed because *every thing was cold*; Mr. Croft looked much discomfited, and said not a syllable more than was absolutely necessary, as master of the house. I never eat, or rather I was never at, a more disagreeable dinner. I was in pain for Lucy, as well as for myself; her colour rose up to her temples. I cursed myself a hundred times for not having gone to dress in time.

At length, to my great relief, the cloth was taken away; but even when we came to the wine after dinner, the cold formality of my host continued unabated, and I began to fear that he had taken an insurmountable dislike to me, and that I should lose all the advantages of his protection and assistance: advantages which rose considerably in my estimation, when I apprehended I was upon the point of losing them.

Soon after dinner, a young gentleman, of the name of Hudson, joined the company; his manners and appearance were prepossessing; he was frank and well bred; and the effect of his politeness was soon felt, as if by magic, for every body became at their ease: his countenance was full of life and fire; and, though he said nothing that shewed remarkable abilities, every thing he said pleased. As soon as he found that I was a stranger, he addressed his conversation principally to me. I recovered my spirits, exerted myself to entertain him, and succeeded. He

was delighted to hear news from England, and especially from London; a city which he said he had an ardent desire to visit. When he took leave of me in the evening, he expressed very warmly the wish to cultivate my acquaintance; and I was the more flattered and obliged by this civility because I was certain that he knew exactly my situation and circumstances, Mrs. Croft's having explained them to him very fully even in my hearing.

CHAPTER VI.

The Promises of unmerited Patronage are baneful Delusions.

IN the course of the ensuing week, Young Mr. Hudson and I saw one another almost every day; and our mutual liking for each other's company encreased. He introduced me to his father, who had been a planter; and, having made a large fortune, came to reside at Philadelphia to enjoy himself, as he said, for the remainder of his days. He lived in what the

sober Americans called a most luxurious and magnificent style. The best company in Philadelphia met at his house; and he delighted particularly in seeing those who had convivial talents, and who could supply him with wit and gaiety, in which he was naturally rather deficient.

On my first visit, I perceived that his son had boasted of me as one of the best companions in the world; and I determined to support the character that had been given of me: I told two or three good stories, and sung two or three good songs. The company were charmed with me; old Mr. Hudson was particularly delighted; he gave me a pressing general invitation to his house, and most of the principal guests followed his example. I was not a little elated by this success. Mr. Croft was with me at this entertainment; and I own I was peculiarly gratified by feeling that I at once became conspicuous, by my talents, in a company where he was apparently of no conse-

quence, notwithstanding all his wealth and prudence.

As we went home together, he said to me very gravely, 'I would not advise you, Mr. Basil Lowe, to accept of all these invitations; nor to connect yourself intimately with young Hudson. The society at Mr. Hudson's is very well for those who have made a fortune, and want to spend it; but for those who have a fortune to make, in my opinion, it is not only useless but dangerous.'

I was in no humour, at this moment, to profit by this sober advice; especially as I fancied it might be dictated, in some degree, by envy of my superior talents and accomplishments. My wife, however, supported his advice by many excellent and kind arguments. She observed that these people, who invited me to their houses as a good companion, followed merely their own pleasure, and would never be of any real advantage to me; that Mr. Croft, on the contrary, shewed,

from the first hour when I applied to him, a desire to serve me; that he had pointed out the means of establishing myself; and that, in the advice he gave me, he could be actuated only by a wish to be of use to me; that it was more reasonable to suspect him of despising than of envying talents, which were not directed to the grand object of gaining money.

Good sense, from the lips of a woman whom a man loves, has a mighty effect upon his understanding, especially if he sincerely believe that the woman has no desire to rule. This was my singular case. I promised Lucy I would refuse all invitations for the ensuing fortnight, and devote myself to whatever business Mr. Croft might devise. No one could be more assiduous than I was for ten days; and I perceived that Mr. Croft, though it was not his custom to praise, was well satisfied with my diligence. Unluckily, on the eleventh day, I put off in the morning making out an invoice, which he left for me to do; and I was persuaded in the

evening to go out with young Mr. Hudson. I had expressed, in conversation with him, some curiosity about the American *frog-concerts*; of which I had read, in modern books of travels, extraordinary accounts*.

* "I confess the first *frog concert* I heard in America was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the night of the 18th of April, in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers; and I really believe not two *exactly* in the same pitch. * * * * * * * * * * * * I have been since informed by an *amateur*, who resided many years in this country, and made this species of *music* his peculiar study, that on these occasions the *treble* is performed by the tree-frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket; the next in size is our *counter-tenors*, they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing *tenor*: and the *under-part* is supported by the bull-frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the *bass* in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name."—*Extract of a Letter from Philadelphia*, vide Travels in the United States of America, by William Priest.—*Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard.*

Mr. Hudson persuaded me to accompany him to a swamp, at some miles distance from Philadelphia, to hear one of these concerts. The performance lasted some time, and it was late before we returned to town: I went to bed tired, and waked in the morning with a cold, which I had caught by standing so long in the swamp. I lay an hour after I was called, in hopes of getting rid of my cold: when I was at last up and dressed, I recollected my invoice, and resolved to do it the first thing after breakfast, but unluckily I put it off till I had looked for some lines in Homer's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." There was no Homer, as you may guess, in Mr. Croft's house, and I went to a bookseller's to borrow one: he had Pope's Iliad and Odyssey, but no Battle of the Frogs and Mice. I walked over half the town in search of it; at length I found it, and was returning in triumph, with Homer in each pocket, when at the door of Mr. Croft's house I found half a dozen porters, with heavy loads upon their backs.

'Where are you going, my good fellows,' said I.

'To the quay, Sir, with the cargo for the Betsey.'

'My God!' cried I, 'Stop.—Can't you stop a minute. I thought the Betsey was not to sail till to-morrow. Stop one minute.'

'No, Sir,' said they, 'that we can't; for the captain bade us make what haste we could to the quay to load her.'

I ran into the house; the captain of the Betsey was bawling in the hall, with his hat on the back of his head; Mr. Croft on the landing-place of the warehouse-stairs with open letters in his hand, and two or three of the under clerks were running different ways with pens in their mouths.

'Mr. Basil! the invoice!' exclaimed all the clerks at once, the moment I made my appearance.

'Mr. Basil Lowe, the invoice and the copy if you please,' repeated Mr. Croft. 'We have sent three messengers after you. Very extraordinary to go out at this time

of day, and not even to leave word where you were to be found. Here's the captain of the Betsey has been waiting this half hour for the invoice. Well, Sir! Will you go for it now? And at the same time bring me the copy, to enclose in this letter to our correspondent by post.'

I stood petrified.——'Sir, the invoice, Sir!—Good Heavens! I forgot it entirely.'

'You remember it now, Sir, I suppose. Keep your apologies till we have leisure. The invoices if you please.'

'The invoices! My God, Sir! I beg ten thousand pardons! They are not drawn out.'

'Not drawn out.—Impossible!" said Mr. Croft.

'Then I'm off!' cried the captain, with a tremendous oath. I can't wait another tide for any clerk breathing.'

'Send back the porters, Captain, if you please,' said Mr. Croft, coolly. 'The whole cargo must be unpacked. I took it for granted, Mr. Basil, that you had drawn the invoice, according to order, yesterday

morning; and of course the goods were packed in the evening. I was certainly wrong in taking it for granted that you would be punctual. A man of business should take nothing for granted. This is a thing that will not occur to me again as long as I live.'

I poured forth expressions of contrition; but apparently unmoved by them, and without anger or impatience in his manner, he turned from me as soon as the porters came back with the goods, and ordered them all to be unpacked and replaced in the warehouse. I was truly concerned!

'I believe you spent your evening yesterday with young Mr. Hudson?' said he, returning to me.

'Yes, Sir.'—I am sincerely sorry——'

'Sorrow, in these cases, does no good, Sir;' interrupted he. 'I thought I had sufficiently warned you of the danger of forming that intimacy. Midnight carousing will not do for men of business.'

'Carousing, Sir!' said I. 'Give me

leave to assure you that we were not carousing. We were only at a *frog-concert.*'

Mr. Croft, who had at least suppressed his displeasure till now, looked absolutely angry; he thought I was making a joke of him. When I convinced him that I was in earnest, he changed from anger to astonishment, with a large mixture of contempt in his nasal muscles.

'A frog concert!' repeated he. 'And is it possible that any man could neglect an invoice merely to go to hear a parcel of frogs croaking in a swamp? Sir, you will never do in a mercantile house.' He walked off to the warehouse, and left me half mortified and half provoked.

From this time forward all hopes from Mr. Croft's friendship were at an end.—He was coldly civil to me during the few remaining days of the fortnight that we stayed at his house. He took the trouble, however, of looking out for a cheap and tolerably comfortable lodging for my wife and boy; the rent of which he desired to pay for his relation, he said, as long as I

should remain in Philadelphia, or till I should find myself in some eligible situation. He seemed pleased with Lucy, and said she was a very properly conducted, well-disposed, prudent young woman, whom he was not ashamed to own for a cousin. He repeated, at parting, that he should be happy to afford me every assistance, *in reason*, toward pursuing any feasible plan of advancing myself; but it was his decided opinion that I could never succeed in a mercantile line.

I never liked Mr. Croft; he was much too *punctual*, too much of an automaton for me; but I should have felt more regret at leaving him and losing his friendship, and should have expressed more gratitude for his kindness to Lucy and my boy, if my head had not at the time been full of young Hudson. He professed the warmest regard for me, congratulated me on getting free from old Croft's mercantile clutches, and assured me that such a man as I was could not fail to succeed in the

world by my own talents and the assistance of friends and good connexions.

I was now almost every day at his father's house, in company with numbers of rich and gay people, who were all *my friends*. I was the life of society, was invited every where, and accepted every invitation, because I could not offend Mr. Hudson's intimate acquaintance.

From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, I went on in this stile. I was old Hudson's grand favourite, and every body told me he could do any thing he pleased for me. I had formed a scheme, a bold scheme, of obtaining from government a large tract of territory in the ceded lands of Louisiana, and of collecting a subscription in Philadelphia, among *my friends*, to make a settlement there: the subscribers to be paid by instalments, so much the first year, so much the second, and so onward, till the whole should be liquidated. I was to collect hands from the next ships, which were expected to be full of emigrants from Ireland and Scot-

land. I had soon a long list of subscribers, who gave me their names always after dinner, or after supper. Old Hudson wrote his name at the head of the list, with an ostentatiously large sum opposite to it.

As nothing could be done till the ensuing spring, when the ships were expected, I spent my time in the same convivial manner. The spring came, but there was no answer obtained from Government respecting the ceded territory; and a delay of a few months was necessary. Mr. Hudson, the father, was the person who had undertaken to apply for the grant; and he spoke always of the scheme, and of his own powers of carrying it into effect, in the most confident manner. From his conversation any body would have supposed that the mines of Peru were upon his plantation; and that, in comparison with his, the influence of the president of the United States was nothing. I was a full twelvemonth before I was convinced that he was a boaster and a *fabulist*; and I was another twelvemonth before I could per-

suade myself that he was one of the most selfish, indolent and obstinate of human beings. He was delighted to have me always at his table to entertain him and his guests, but he had not the slightest real regard for me, or care for my interests. He would talk to me as long as I pleased of his possessions, and his improvements, and his wonderful crops; but the moment I touched upon any of my own affairs he would begin to yawn, throw himself upon a sofa, and seem going to sleep. Whenever I mentioned his subscription, he would say, with a frown,—"We will talk of that, Basil, *to-morrow*."

Of my whole list of subscribers not above four ever paid a shilling into my hands: their excuse always was—"When government has given an answer about the ceded territory we will pay the subscriptions;" and the answer of government always was—"When the subscriptions are paid we will make out a grant of the land." I was disgusted, and out of spirits; but I thought all my chance was to persevere, and to keep *my friends* in good humour: so

that I was continually under the necessity of appearing the same jovial companion, laughing, singing and drinking, when, Heaven knows, my heart was heavy enough.

At the end of the second year of promises, delays and disappointments, my Lucy, who had always foretold how things would turn out, urged me to withdraw myself from this idle society, to give up my scheme, and to take the management of a small plantation in conjunction with the brother of Mr. Croft. His regard for my wife, who had won much upon this family by her excellent conduct, induced him to make me this offer; but I considered so long, and hesitated so much, whether I should accept of this proposal, that the time for accepting it passed away.

I had still hopes that my friend, young Hudson, would enable me to carry my grand project into execution; he had a considerable plantation in Jamaica, left to him by his grandfather on the mother's side; he was to be of age, and to take possession of it the ensuing year, and he

proposed to sell it, and to apply some of the purchase money to our scheme, of the success of which he had as sanguine expectations as I had myself. He was of a most enthusiastic generous temper. I had obtained the greatest influence over him, and I am convinced, at this time, there was nothing in the world he would not have sacrificed for my sake. All that he required from me was to be his constant companion. He was extravagantly fond of field sports; and, though a Londoner, I was a good huntsman, a good shot, and a good angler; for, during the time I was courting Lucy, I found it necessary to make myself a sportsman to win the favour of her brothers. With these accomplishments my hold upon the esteem and affections of my friend was all-powerful. Every day in the season we went out hunting, or shooting, or fishing together: then, in the winter time, we had various employments; I mean various excuses for idleness. Hudson was a great skaiter, and he had infinite diversion in teaching me to skait at

the hazard of my skull. He was also to initiate me in the American pastime of *sleighing*, or sledging. Many a desperately cold winter's day I have submitted to be driven in his sledge, when I would much rather, I own, have been safe and snug by my own fire-side, with my wife.

Poor Lucy spent her time in a disagreeable and melancholy way during these three years; for, while I was out almost every day and all day long, she was alone in her lodging for numberless hours. She never repined, but always received me with a good-humoured countenance when I came home; even after sitting up half the night to wait for my return from Hudson's suppers. It grieved me to the heart to see her thus seemingly deserted; but I comforted myself with the reflection that this way of life would last but for a short time; that my friend would soon be of age and able to fulfil all his promises; and that we should then all live together in happiness. I assured Lucy that the present idle, if not dissipated, manner in which I spent

my days was not agreeable to my taste; that I was often extremely melancholy, even when I was forced to appear in the highest spirits; and that I often longed to be quietly with her when I was obliged to sacrifice my time to friendship.

It would have been impossible that she and my child could have subsisted all this time independently, but for her steadiness and exertions. She would not accept of any pecuniary assistance except from her relation, Mr. Croft, who regularly paid the rent of her lodgings. She undertook to teach some young ladies, whom Mrs. Croft introduced to her, various kinds of fine needle-work, in which she excelled; and for this she was well paid. I know that she never cost me one farthing, during the three years and three months that we lived in Philadelphia. But even for this I do not give her so much credit as for her sweet temper, during these trials, and her great forbearance in never reproaching or disputing with me. Many wives, who are called excellent managers, make

their husbands pay ten-fold in suffering what they save in money. This was not my Lucy's way; and, therefore, with my esteem and respect, she ever had my fondest affections. I was in hopes that the hour was just coming when I should be able to prove this to her, and when we should no longer be doomed to spend our days asunder. But, alas! her judgment was better than mine.

My friend Hudson was now within six weeks of being of age when, unfortunately, there arrived in Philadelphia a company of players from England. Hudson, who was eager for every thing that had the name of pleasure, insisted upon my going with him to their first representation. Among the actresses there was a girl of the name of Marion, who seemed to be ordinary enough, just fit for a company of strolling-players, but she danced passably well, and danced a great deal between the acts that night. Hudson clapped his hands till I was quite out of patience. He was in raptures; and the more I depreciated the more

he extolled the girl. I wished her in Nova Zembla, for I saw he was falling in love with her, and had a kind of presentiment of all that was to follow. To tell the matter briefly, for what signifies dwelling upon past misfortunes, the more young Hudson's passion encreased for this dancing girl the more his friendship for me declined, for I had frequent arguments with him upon the subject, and did all I could to open his eyes. I saw that the damsel had art, that she knew the extent of her power, and that she would draw her infatuated lover in to marry her. He was headstrong and violent in all his passions; he quarrelled with me, carried the girl off to Jamaica, married her the day he was of age, and settled upon his plantation. There was an end of all my hopes about the ceded territory.

Lucy, who was always my resource in misfortune, comforted me by saying I had done my duty in combating my friend's folly at the expense of my own interest; and that, though he had quarrelled with

me, she loved me the better for it. All things considered, I would not have exchanged feelings and situations with him.

Reflecting upon my own history and character, I have often thought it a pity that, with certain good qualities, and I will add talents, which deserved a better fate, I should have never succeeded in any thing I attempted, because I could not conquer one seemingly slight defect in my disposition, which had grown into a habit. Thoroughly determined by Lucy's advice to write to Mr. Croft, to request he would give me another trial, I put off sending the letter till the next day; and that very morning Mr. Croft set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to see a daughter who was newly married.

I was vexed, and, from a want of something better to do, went out a shooting, to get rid of disagreeable thoughts. I shot several pheasants, and when I came home carried them, as was my custom, to old Mr. Hudson's kitchen, and gave them to the cook. I happened to stay in the

kitchen to feed a favourite dog, while the cook was *preparing* the birds I had brought. I observed, in the crops of one of the pheasants, some bright green leaves, and some buds, which I suspected to be the leaves and buds of the *Kalmia Latifolia*, a poisonous shrub. I was not quite certain, for I had almost forgotten the little botany which I knew before I went to China. I took the leaves home with me, to examine them at leisure, and to compare them with the botanical description: and I begged that the cook would not dress the birds till she saw or heard from me again. I promised to see her, or send to her, the next day. But the next day, when I went to the library to look into a book of botany, my attention was caught by some new reviews, which were just arrived from London. I put off the examination of the *Kalmia Latifolia* till the day after. Tomorrow, said I, will do just as well, for I know the cook will not dress the pheasants to day: old Hudson

does not like them till they have been kept *a day or two*.

To-morrow came, and the leaves were forgotten till evening, when I saw them lying on my table, and put them out of the way, lest my little boy should find and eat them. I was sorry that I had not examined them this day, but I satisfied myself in the same way as I had done before: to-morrow will do as well: the cook will not dress the pheasants to-day: old Hudson thinks them the better for being kept *two or three days*.

To-morrow came; but, as the leaves of the *Kalmia Latifolia* were out of my sight, they went out of my mind. I was invited to an entertainment this day at the Mayor's: there was a large company, and after dinner I was called upon, as usual, for a song: the favourite song of

"Dance and sing, Time's on the wing,
"Life never knows return of spring:"

when a gentleman came in, pale and

breathless, to tell us that Mr. Hudson and three gentlemen, who had been dining with him, were suddenly seized with convulsions after eating of a pheasant, and that they were not expected to live—— My blood ran cold—I exclaimed—'My God! I am answerable for this.' On my making this exclamation, there was immediate silence in the room; and every eye turned upon me with astonishment and horror. I fell back in my chair, and what passed afterward I know not; but, when I came to myself, I found too men in the room with me, who were set to guard me. The bottles and glasses were still upon the table, but the company had all dispersed; and the mayor, as my guards informed me, was gone to Mr. Hudson's to take his dying deposition.

In this instance, as in all cases of sudden alarm, report had exaggerated the evil: Mr. Hudson, though extremely ill, was not dying; his three guests, after some hours illness, were perfectly recovered. Mr. Hudson, who had eaten the most

plentifully of the pheasant, was not *him-self*, as he said, for two days: the third day he was able to see company at dinner as usual, and my mind was relieved from an insupportable state of anxiety.

Upon examination, the mayor was convinced that I was perfectly innocent; the cook told the exact truth, blamed herself for not sending to me before she dressed the birds, but said that she concluded I had found the leaves I took home were harmless, as I never came to tell her the contrary.

I was liberated, and went home to my wife. She clasped me in her arms, but could not articulate a syllable. By her joy at seeing me again, she left me to judge of what she must have suffered during this terrible interval.

For some time after this unfortunate accident happened, it continued to be the subject of general conversation in Philadelphia. The story was told a thousand different ways, and the comments upon it were in various ways injurious to me.

Some blamed me; for what indeed I deserved to be most severely blamed, my delaying one hour to examine the leaves found in the crop of the pheasant; others affected to think it absolutely impossible that any human being could be so dilatory, or negligent, where the lives of fellow-creatures and *friends*, and friends by whom I had been treated with the utmost hospitality for years, were concerned. Others, still more malicious, hinted that, though I had been favoured by the mayor, and perhaps by the goodness of poor Mr. Hudson, there must be something more than had come to light in the business; and some boldly pronounced that the story of the leaves of the *Kalmia Latifolia* was a mere blind; for that the pheasant could not have been poisoned by such means*.

"In the severe winter of the years 1790 and 1791, there appeared to be such unequivocal reasons for believing that several persons, in Philadelphia, had died in consequence of their eating pheasants, in whose crops the leaves and buds of the *Kalmia Latifolia* were found, that the mayor of the city

That a motive might not be wanting for the crime, it was whispered that old Mr. Hudson had talked of leaving me a considerable legacy, which I was impatient to touch, that I might carry my adventuring schemes into execution. I was astonished as much as shocked at the sudden alteration in the manners of all my acquaintance. The tide of popularity changed, and I was deserted. That those who had lived with me so long in convivial intimacy, that those who had courted, admired, flattered me, those who had so often professed themselves my friends, could suddenly, without the slightest probability, believe me capable of the most horrible crime appeared to me scarcely

thought it prudent and his duty to warn the people against the use of this bird, by a public proclamation. I know that by many persons, especially by some lovers of pheasants' flesh, the circumstance just mentioned was supposed to be destitute of foundation: but the foundation was a solid one."

Vide a paper by B. Smith Barton, M. D. American Transactions, V. 51.

credible. In reality, many would not give themselves the trouble to *think* about the matter, but were glad of a pretence to shake off the acquaintance of a man of whose stories and songs they began to be weary; and who had put their names to a subscription, which they did not wish to be called upon to pay. Such is the world! Such is the fate of all *good fellows*, and excellent bottle companions! Certain to be deserted, by their dear friends, at the least reverse of fortune.

CHAPTER VII.

Moral Habits seldom changed by change of Fortune.

MY situation in Philadelphia was now so disagreeable, and my disgust and indignation were so great, that I determined to quit the country. My real friend, Mr. Croft, was absent all this time from town. I am sure, if he had been at home, he would have done me justice; for, though

he never liked me, he was a just slow-judging man, who would not have been run away with by the hurry of popular prejudice. I had other reasons for regretting his absence: I could not conveniently quit America without money, and he was the only person to whom I could or would apply for assistance. We had not many debts, for which I must thank my excellent wife; but, when every thing to the last farthing was paid, I was obliged to sell my watch and some trinkets, to get money for our voyage. I was not accustomed to such things, and I was ashamed to go to the pawnbroker's, lest I should be met and recognized by some of my friends. I wrapped myself up in an old surtout, and slouched my hat over my face.

As I was crossing the quay, I met a party of gentlemen walking arm in arm. I squeezed past them, but one stopped to look after me; and, though I turned down another street to escape him, he dodged me unperceived. Just as I came out of the

pawnbroker's shop, I saw him posted opposite to me: I brushed by; I could with pleasure have knocked him down for his impertinence. By the time that I had reached the corner of the street, I heard a child calling after me. I stopped, and a little boy put into my hands my watch, saying, 'Sir, the gentleman says you left your watch and these thing-em-bobs by mistake.'

'What gentleman?'

'I don't know, but he was one that said I looked like an honest chap, and he'd trust me to run and give you the watch. He is dressed in a blue coat. He went toward the quay. That's all I know.'

On opening the paper of trinkets, I found a card with these words:

"*Barny*—with kind thanks."

Barny! Poor Barny! The Irishman whose passage I paid coming to America three years ago. Is it possible!

I ran after him the way which the child directed, and was so fortunate as just to catch a glimpse of the skirt of his coat as

he went into a neat good-looking house. I walked up and down some time, expecting him to come out again; for I could not suppose that it belonged to Barny. I asked a grocer, who was leaning over his hatch door, if he knew who lived in the next house?

'An Irish gentleman, of the name of O'Grady.'

'And his christian name?'

'Here it is in my books, Sir—Barnaby O'Grady.'

I knocked at Mr. O'Grady's door, and made my way into the parlour; where I found him, his two sons, and his wife, sitting very sociably at tea. He and the two young men rose immediately, to set me a chair.

'You are welcome, kindly welcome, Sir,' said he. 'This is an honour I never expected any way. Be pleased to take the seat near the fire. 'Twould be hard indeed if you *would** not have the best seat

* Should.

that's to be had in this house, where we none of us never should have sat, nor had seats to sit upon, but for you.'

The sons pulled off my shabby great coat, and took away my hat, and the wife made up the fire. There was something in their manner, altogether, which touched me so much that it was with difficulty I could keep myself from bursting into tears. They saw this, and Barny (for I shall never call him any thing else) as he thought that I should like better to hear of public affairs than to speak of my own, began to ask his sons if they had *seen the day*'s papers, and what news there was?

As soon as I could command my voice, I congratulated this family upon the happy situation in which I found them; and asked by what lucky accidents they had succeeded so well?

'The luckiest accident ever *happened me* before or since I came to America,' said Barny, 'was being on board the same vessel with such a man as you. If you had not given me the first lift, I had been

down for good and all, and trampled under foot long and long ago. But, after that first lift, all was as easy as life. My two sons here were not taken from me—God bless you! for I never can bless you enough for that. The lads were left to work for me and with me; and we never parted, hand or heart, but just kept working on together, and put all our earnings, as fast as we got them, into the hands of that good woman, and lived hard at first, as we were bred and born to do, thanks be to Heaven! Then we swore against drink of all sorts entirely. And, as I had occasionally served the masons, when I lived a labouring man in the county of Dublin, and knew something of that business, why whatever I knew I made the most of, and a trowel felt no ways strange to me; so I went to work, and had higher wages at first than I deserved. The same with the two boys: one was as much of a blacksmith as would shoe a horse; and t'other a bit of a carpenter; and the one got plenty of work in the forges, and

t'other in the dock-yards, as a ship-carpenter. So early and late, morning and evening, we were all at the work, and just went this way struggling even on for a twelvemonth, and found, with the high wages and constant employ we had met, that we were getting greatly better in the world. Besides, the wife was not idle. When a girl, she had seen baking, and had always a good notion of it, and just tried her hand upon it now, and found the loaves went down with the customers, and the customers coming faster and faster for them; and this was a great help. Then I grew master mason, and had my men under me, and took a house to build by the job, and that did; and then on to another, and another; and, after building many for the neighbours, 'twas fit and my turn, I thought, to build one for myself, which I did out of theirs, without wronging them of a penny. And the boys grew master-men, in their line; and when they got good coats, nobody could say against them, for they had come fairly by them,

and became them well perhaps for that *rason*. So, not to be tiring you too much, we went on from good to better, and better to best; and if it pleased God to question me how it was we got on so well in the world, I should answer, Upon my conscience, myself does not know; except it be that we never made saint-monday*, nor never put off till the morrow what we could do the day.'

I believe I sighed deeply at this observation, notwithstanding the comic phraseology in which it was expressed.

'But all this is no rule for a gentleman born,' pursued the good-natured Barny, in answer, I suppose, to the sigh which I uttered: 'nor is it any disparagement to him if he has not done as well in a place

* *Saint Monday*, or Saint Crispin. It is a custom in Ireland, among shoemakers, if they intoxicate themselves on Sunday, to do no work on Monday; and this they call making a saint-monday, or keeping St. Crispin's day. Many have adopted this good custom from the example of the shoemakers.

like America, where he had not the means; not being used to bricklaying, and slaving with his hands, and striving as we did. Would it be too much liberty to ask you to drink a cup of tea, and to taste a slice of my good woman's bread and butter? And happy the day we see you eating it, and only wish we could serve you in any way whatsoever.'

I verily believe the generous fellow forgot, at this instant, that he had redeemed my watch and wife's trinkets. He would not let me thank him as much as I wished, but kept pressing upon me fresh offers of service. When he found I was going to leave America, he asked what vessel we should go in? I was really afraid to tell him, lest he should attempt to pay for my passage. But for this he had, as I afterward found, too much delicacy of sentiment. He discovered, by questioning the captains, in what ship we were to sail; and, when we went on board, we found him and his sons there to take leave of us, which they did in the

most affectionate manner; and, after they were gone, we found, in the state cabin, directed to me, every thing that could be useful or agreeable to us, as sea stores for a long voyage.

How I wronged this man, when I thought his expressions of gratitude were not sincere, because they were not made exactly in the mode and with the accent of my own countrymen. I little thought that Barny and his sons would be the only persons who would bid us a friendly adieu when we were to leave America.

We had not exhausted our bountiful provision of sea-stores when we were set ashore in England. We landed at Liverpool; and I cannot describe the melancholy feelings with which I sat down, in the little back parlour of the inn, to count my money, and to calculate whether we had enough to carry us to London. Is this, thought I, as I looked at the few guineas and shillings spread on the table— Is this all I have in this world? I, my wife, and child! And is this the end of

three years absence from my native country? As the negroes say of a fool who takes a voyage in vain, I am come back, "*with little more than the hair upon my head.*" Is this the end of all my hopes, and all my talents? What will become of my wife and child? I ought to insist upon her going home to her friends, that she may at least have the necessaries and comforts of life, till I am able to maintain her.

The tears started from my eyes; they fell upon an old newspaper, which lay upon the table under my elbow. I took it up to hide my face from Lucy and my child, who just then came into the room; and, as I read without well knowing what, I came among the advertisements to my own name.

"If Mr. Basil Lowe, or his heir, will "apply to Mr. Gregory, attorney, No. 34, "Cecil-street, he will hear of something "to his advantage."

I started up, with an exclamation of

joy, wiped my tears from the newspaper, put it into Lucy's hand, pointed to the advertisement, and ran to take places in the London coach for the next morning. Upon this occasion, I certainly did not delay. Nor did I, when we arrived in London, put off one moment going to Mr. Gregory, No. 34, Cecil-street.

Upon application to him, I was informed that a very distant relation of mine, a rich miser, had just died, and had left his accumulated treasures to me, "because I was the only one of his relations who had never cost him a single farthing." Other men have to complain of their ill fortune, perhaps with justice; and this is a great satisfaction, which I have never enjoyed: for I must acknowledge that all my disasters have arisen from my own folly. Fortune has been uncommonly favourable to me. Without any merit of my own, or rather, as it appeared, in consequence of my negligent habits, which prevented me from visiting a rich relation, I was sud-

denly raised from the lowest state of pecuniary distress to the height of affluent prosperity.

I took possession of a handsome house in an agreeable part of the town, and enjoyed the delight of sharing all the comforts and luxuries which wealth could procure, with the excellent woman who had been my support in adversity. I must do myself the justice to observe that I did not become dissipated or extravagant; affection and gratitude to my Lucy filled my whole mind, and preserved me from the faults incident to those who rise suddenly from poverty to wealth. I did not forget my good friend, Mr. Nun, who had relieved me formerly from prison; of course I paid the debt, which he had forgiven, and lost no opportunity of shewing him kindness and gratitude.

I was now placed in a situation where the best parts of my character appeared to advantage, and where the grand defect of my disposition was not apparently of any consequence. I was not now obliged, like

a man of business, to be punctual; and delay, in mere engagements of pleasure, was a trifling offence, and a matter of raillery among my acquaintance. My talents in conversation were admired, and, if I postponed letter-writing, my correspondents only tormented me a little with polite remonstrances. I was conscious that I was not cured of my faults; but I rejoiced that I was not now obliged to reform, or in any danger of involving those I loved in distress, by my negligence.

For one year I was happy, and flattered myself that I did not waste my time; for, at my leisure, I read with attention all the ancient and modern works upon education. I resolved to select from them what appeared most judicious and practicable; and so to form, from the beauties of each, a perfect system for the advantage of my son. He was my only child; he had lived with me eighteen months in prison; he was the darling of his mother, whom I adored, and he was thought to be in mind and person a striking resemblance of myself.—

How many reasons had I to love him !—I doated upon the child. He certainly shewed great quickness of intellect, and gave as fair a promise of talents as could be expected at his age. I formed hopes of his future excellence and success in the world, as sanguine as those which my poor father had early formed of mine. I determined to watch carefully over his temper, and to guard him particularly against that habit of procrastination, which had been the bane of my life.

One day, while I was alone in my study, leaning on my elbow and meditating upon the system of education which I designed for my son, my wife came to me and said, 'My dear, I have just heard from our friend, Mr. Nun, a circumstance that alarms me a good deal. You know little Harry Nun was inoculated at the same time with our Basil, and by the same person. Mrs. Nun, and all the family, thought he had several spots, just as much as our boy had, and that that was enough; but two years afterward, while we were

in America, Harry Nun caught the small-pox in the natural way and died. Now, it seems, the man who inoculated him was quite ignorant; for two or three other children, whom he attended, have caught the disease since, though he was positive that they were safe. Don't you think we had better have our boy inoculated again immediately, by some proper person.

'Undoubtedly, my dear: undoubtedly. But I think we had better have him vaccined. I am not sure, however; but I will ask Dr. ——'s opinion this day, and be guided by that; I shall see him at dinner: he has promised to dine with us.

Some accident prevented him from coming, and I thought of writing to him the next day, but afterward put it off.—Lucy came again into my study, where she was sure to find me in the morning. 'My dear,' said she, 'do you recollect that you desired me to defer inoculating our little boy till you could decide whether it be best to inoculate him in the common way, or the vaccine?'

'Yes, my dear, I recollect it perfectly well. I am much inclined to the vaccine. My friend, Mr. L—, has had all his children vaccined, and I just wait to see the effect.'

'Oh, my love!' said Lucy, 'do not wait any longer; for you know we run a terrible risk of his catching the small-pox every day, every hour.'

'We have run that risk, and escaped for these three years past,' said I; 'and, in my opinion, the boy has had the small-pox.'

'So Mr. and Mrs. Nun thought, and you see what has happened. Remember our boy was inoculated by the same man. I am sure ever since Mr. Nun mentioned this, I never take little Basil out to walk, I never see him in a shop, I never have him in the carriage with me without being in terror. Yesterday a woman came to the coach-door with a child in her arms, who had a breaking out on his face. I thought it was the small-pox, and was so terrified that I had scarcely strength or presence of

mind enough to draw up the glass. Our little boy was leaning out of the door to give a halfpenny to the child. My God! if that child had the small-pox!'

'My love,' said I, 'do not alarm yourself so terribly; the boy shall be inoculated to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! Oh, my dearest love, do not put it off till to-morrow,' said Lucy: let him be inoculated to-day.'

'Well, my dear, only keep your mind easy, and he shall be inoculated to-day, if possible; surely you must know I love the boy as well as you do, and am as anxious about him as you can be.'

'I am sure of it, my love,' said Lucy.—'I meant no reproach. But, since you have decided that the boy shall be vaccined, let us send directly for the surgeon and have it done, and then he will be safe.

She caught hold of the bell-cord to ring for a servant.—I stopped her.

'No, my dear, don't ring,' said I; 'for the men are both out. I have sent one to the library, for the new Letters on Educa-

tion, and the other to the rational toy-shop for some things I want for the child.'

'Then, if the servants are out, I had better walk to the surgeon's, and bring him back with me.'

'No, my dear,' said I; 'I must see Mr. L—'s children first. I am going out immediately; I will call upon them: they are healthy children, we can have the vaccine infection from them, and I will inoculate the boy myself.'

Lucy submitted. I take a melancholy pleasure in doing her justice, by recording every argument that she used, and every persuasive word that she said to me, upon this occasion. I am anxious to shew that she was not in the least to blame. I alone am guilty! I alone ought to have been the sufferer. It will scarcely be believed—I can hardly believe it myself, that, after all Lucy said to me, I delayed two hours, and stayed to finish making an extract from Rousseau's Emilius before I set out. When I arrived at Mr. L—'s, the children were just gone out to take an airing, and I could

not see them. A few hours may sometimes make all the difference between health and sickness, happiness and misery! I put off till the next day the inoculation of my child!

In the mean time a coachman came to me to be hired: my boy was playing about the room, and, as I afterward collected, went close up to the man, and, while I was talking, stood examining a greyhound upon his buttons. I asked the coachman many questions, and kept him for some time in the room. Just as I agreed to take him into my service, he said he could not come to live with me till the next week, because *one of his children was ill of the small-pox.*

These words struck me to the heart. I had a dreadful pre-sentiment of what was to follow. I remember starting from my seat, and driving the man out of the house with violent menaces. My boy, poor innocent victim, followed, trying to pacify me, and holding me back by the skirts of my coat. I caught him up in my arms.—

I could not kiss him; I felt as if I was his murderer. I set him down again: indeed I trembled so violently that I could not hold him. The child ran for his mother.

I cannot dwell on these things.—Our boy sickened the next day—and the next week died in his mother's arms!——

Her health had suffered much by the trials which she had gone through since our marriage. The disapprobation of her father, the separation from all her friends, who were at variance with me, my imprisonment, and then the death of her only child were too much for her fortitude.—She endeavoured to conceal this from me; but I saw that her health was rapidly declining. She was always fond of the country; and, as my sole object now in life was to do whatsoever I could to console and please her, I proposed to sell our house in town, and to settle somewhere in the country. In the neighbourhood of her father and mother there was a pretty place to be let, which I had often heard her mention with delight; I determined to take it: I had

secret hopes that her friends would be gratified by this measure, and that they would live upon good terms with us.—Her mother had seemed, by her letters, to be better disposed toward me since my rich relation had left me his fortune.—Lucy expressed great pleasure at the idea of going to live in the country, near her parents; and I was rejoiced to see her smile once more. Being naturally of a sanguine disposition, hope revived in my heart: I flattered myself that we might yet be happy; that my Lucy would recover her peace of mind and her health; and that perhaps Heaven might bless us with another child.

I lost no time in entering into treaty for the estate in the country, and I soon found a purchaser for my excellent house in town. But my evil genius prevailed.—I had neglected to renew the insurance of my house; the policy was out but nine days *, when a fire broke out in one of my

* Founded on fact.

servant's rooms at midnight, and, in spite of all the assistance we could procure, the house was burnt to the ground. I carried my wife out senseless in my arms; and, when I had deposited her in a place of safety, returned to search for a portfolio, in which was the purchase money of the country estate, all in bank-notes. But whether this portfolio was carried off by some of the crowd, which had assembled round the ruins of my house, or whether it was consumed in the flames, I cannot determine. A more miserable wretch than I was could now scarcely be found in the world; and, to complete my misfortunes, I felt the consciousness that they were all occcasioned by my own folly.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary and the most interesting part of my history. A new and surprising accident happened.

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Note,

Note by the Editor.—What this accident was can never now be known; for Basil put off finishing his history till TO-MORROW.

This fragment was found in an old escritoir, in an obscure lodging in Swallow-street.

August 1803.

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